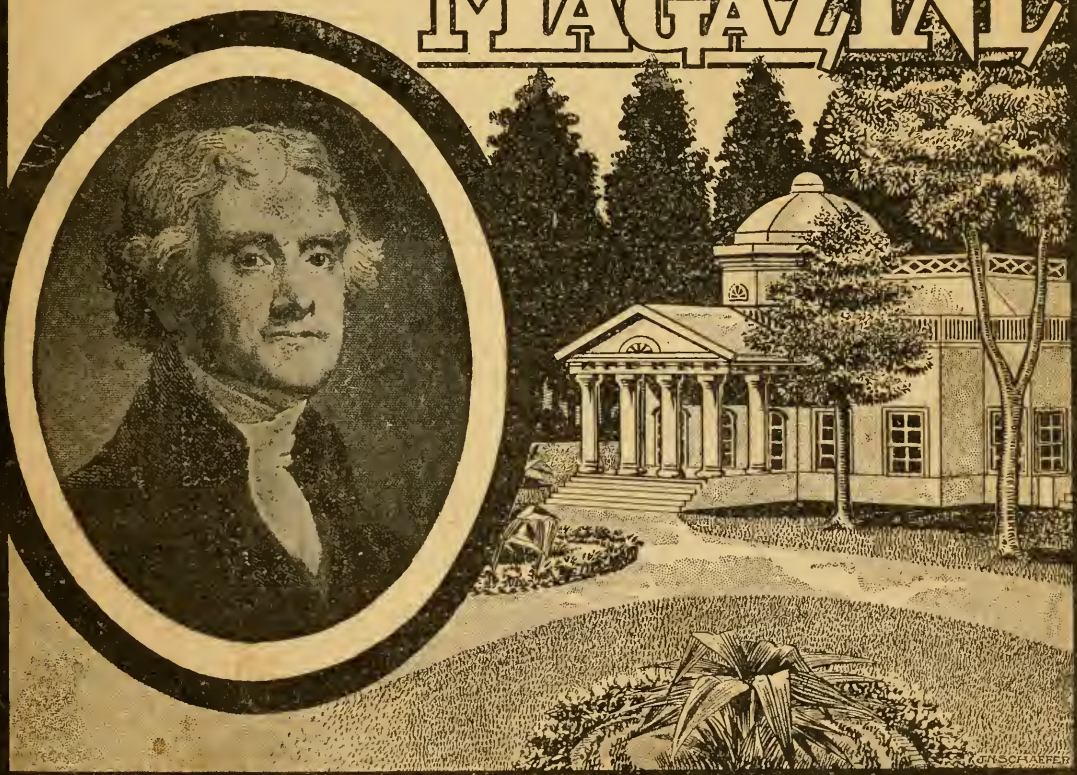
JUNE, 1912

WATSON'S MAGAZINE



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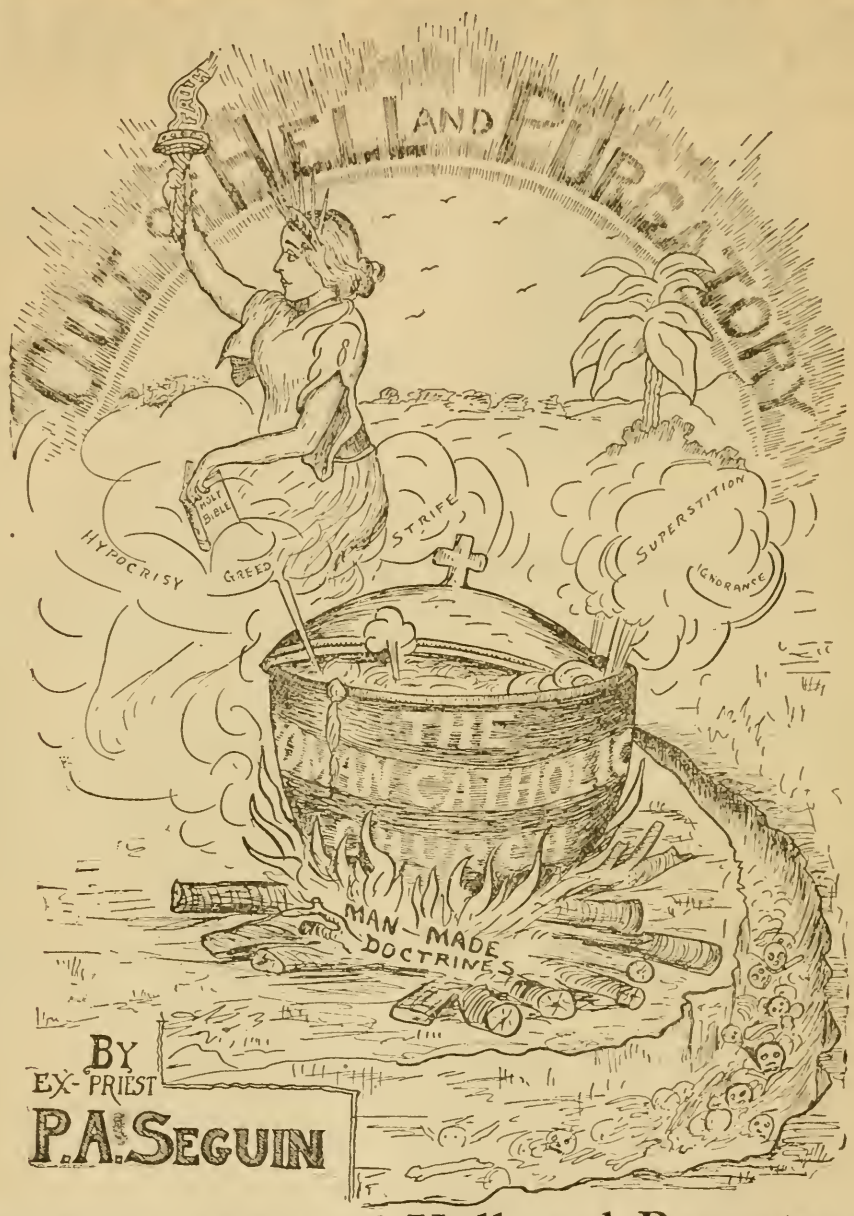

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Watson's Magazine

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The New Baal

Watson's Magazine

THOS. E. WATSON, Editor

The Story of the South and West

Chapter XVII.

As we have seen, there were many of the peers of England who took earnest interest in the Virginia colony. We have also seen that the younger brothers of these peers were among the first emigrants from the Old country. Here, then, was the beginning of the Cavalier element. These were the soft handed "gay gallants" who labored merrily under Captain John Smith's command; and who, at other times, made Jamestown noisy with their carousals.

Later on, came thousands of royalists, who fled the mother-country, after the collapse of King Charles' resistance to his Parliament. These high-born fugitives bought large tracts of land in Virginia; and made stately homes along her rivers. The ancestors of the Washingtons, the Masons, the Lees, etc., came over, at this period.

History has done more than justice to the Puritan: it has been less than just to the Cavalier. Too often, the former has been pictured as the embodiment of civic virtue and military heroism: too often the latter has been caricatured as an idler, a wine-bibber, and libertine.

What, after all, was the difference between these types?

The Puritan viewed life sombrely: he gloated over an eternal Hell: he was never so happy as when he was contributing to the misery of some fellow-creature who differed in creed and conduct from himself. He did his best to make innocent amusement a crime. He mortified his own flesh, and derived a holy joy from mortifying the flesh of others. He was a sour man, a dour man, a rigid man, and he cultivated what he called his soul to a most outrageous extent. It was impossible to say whether he drew more happiness from the certainty that he and his would be saved, than from the fixed conviction that others, not so righteous as he, would be damned. Out of weekdays, he manufactured the dismal: out of Sundays, he created the terrible. On that day of wrath, no husband must embrace his wife, no mother kiss her babe!

That he made a good soldier, and was, in the main, a steady worker, is true; but it is also true that he dearly loved slave-labor and the profits thereof. In Godly phrase and pious intonation, he called this enslavment of Catholics, Episcopalians, Quakers and Indians, "*spoiling the Egyptians.*"

It was once my privilege to hear the late T. Dewitt Talmage deliver

a lecture. I would not have given two straws to have heard him a second time. But in the course of his talk, he told the following anecdote, as illustrative of Puritan character.

A New England merchant, dealing in family groceries, lived on the floor above. He kept a clerk. The time was, early in the morning. The boy was in the store. To him called out the merchant from above:

"John, have you put sand in the sugar?"

The clerk answered. "Yes."

"Have you put chalk in the flour?"

Answer, "Yes."

"Have you poured water into the molasses?"

Answer: "Yes."

"Then, come on up to prayers."

The Cavalier rioted in the pleasures of life. He loved the sunlight, the flower, the gay song, the amorous dalliance with Love. There was color in his existence, warmth of feeling and expression, a gallant loyalty to Church and King. He rode to battle as to a joust; and he was brave in gold-lace, golden spur, nodding plume and silken banner. Hot tempered and impulsive, his head-long charge broke all before it; and his eager dash carried him too far, and his less reckless foe gained the day.

He never spared himself or his fortune. For what he thought was right, he was ever ready to spend and be spent. Such a man was the great Marquis of Montrose. Such a man was the daring and fascinating Claverhouse, "Bonnie Dundee." Such a man was "Jeb" Stuart, of the Army of Northern Virginia. The type persists; and the Cavalier of today, in all the walks of life, is as distinct from the Puritan of today, as the Cavalier of Rupert was from the Roundhead of Cromwell.

On one ship in September 1649, three hundred and thirty royalists came over to Virginia. They were received in the most cordial, hospitable manner. The homes of the colonists were thrown open to these brethren from over the sea. At the banquet board, and around the fire-side, at night, the soldiers of the King fought their battles over again. Eager, sympathetic listeners heard of the fierce combats that had soaked British soil with British blood.

With the brilliant train of Prince Rupert, the Virginians could, in fancy, ride gayly from Oxford, to seek the Round-head army, and fling themselves, vainly, on the invincible Ironsides of Cromwell. Tales of Naseby, tales of Marston Moor must have made the blood leap and the heart ache, as the royalist Virginians heard the story. And when the beheading of Charles I. was described, one can imagine the cries of horror, the deep sighs, the quick tears of these warm-hearted lovers of their King. The Virginians could not know what a series of tyrannies, broken promises, follies and duplicities had brought Charles Stuart to his doleful end. But even in England, there were many, besides the royalists, who were horrified by his execution. It was a huge blunder; and it made the Restoration inevitable.

People who have been educated to consider as justifiable the awful crimes of Kings and churches, are naturally shocked when a King is put to death. It doesn't happen often enough to accustom us to it; whereas, the infamous cruelties of Kings are so very common that we don't feel that anything unusual is going on.

When King James I., the father of "Martyr" Charles, basely yields to the Spanish demand for Sir Walter Raleigh's head, his subjects may murmur, but there is no demonstration.

When King Henry VIII. had the old, gray-haired Countess of Salisbury murdered, for no other reason that she was of Plantagenet descent, the executioner chased her around the scaffold, striking at her neck with his axe, until at length he brought her down. This was murder by order of the King; and the crowd present looked on, at the horrible spectacle, in silence and fear.

The murder of Raleigh by James I. was in this wise:

Raleigh having been a favorite with Queen Elizabeth, was hated by James. The brilliant courtier was accused of plotting against the King, and was unjustly condemned to death. His services to his country were so great and so recent, that the newly-come Scotchman did not dare carry out the sentence. Raleigh was kept a prisoner in the Tower for twelve years. Then he was set free.

In one of his voyages to South America, he had discovered gold on the Caroni River. Now, in 1616, the King is sorely in need of money, and he bethinks himself of sending Raleigh to get some of that gold. Under a solemn promise of secrecy, Raleigh tells the King all about his plans.

But Gundomar and his Spanish master have long been jealously watching the progress of the English, in the New World. And King James has long been absurdly eager for a Spanish princess as wife to his son, "Baby Charles." So, the subtle Gundomar hints of the Spanish marriage, with a cash dowry of 2,000,000 crowns.

King James falls into the snare, and straightaway reveals to Gundomar every detail of Raleigh's plans.

Thus it happens that when the doomed Knight reaches the South American coast, the Spanish are ready for him. A hot fight ensues, and the English are victorious; but with Spanish forces on the ground, it is impossible to mine for gold.

Bereft of a son, who was killed in the battle, and bitterly disappointed at the collapse of his venture, Raleigh very foolishly sailed back to England.

Gundomar demanded that he be put to death, for his attack upon the Spaniards in territory claimed by Spain. King James could not afford to kill Raleigh for attacking the race which the English of that era hated so intensely. Therefore, he revived the old sentence of 1603, and had him murdered under *that*. The hero of Cadiz, of Fayal, of the Armada had his head chopped off by the perfidious King who had sent him to do the thing for which the Spaniard demanded his life.

There is no such peculiar atro-

city, and perfidy in the execution of James' son, Charles.

But the Virginians of 1649 were not considering the murders committed by Kings. They were accustomed to them: these murders were a part of the royal system. But to have King and people change places, and the people to kill the King, was altogether unusual, and therefore wholly wrong.

Consequently, the Governor and Burgesses of Virginia made a law which condemned to death any who should justify the execution of Charles I., "the late most excellent and now undoubtedly sainted King." Not only did the Virginians denounce the murder of Charles as treason, but they stoutly declared that his fugitive son was their King.

Cromwell could not afford to let such defiance pass unchallenged. He sent an expedition against the colony, where Sir William Berkley made some preparations to resist it. However, the Cromwellian commander was a man of discretion, and he soon arranged an amicable adjustment of the matter. After long and serious debate, the Virginians agreed to surrender, and to acknowledge allegiance to the new order of things in England. Their capitulation was made on the most honorable terms, and they retained in full their "freedoms and privileges," such as the free people of the mother-land enjoyed. No one was punished for proposing a death penalty on those who justified the execution of Charles I.; and a full pardon was granted to all who had taken up arms against the Parliamentary Government.

Strange to relate, the Virginians now began to elect their own Governors. In April, 1652, the General Assembly chose "Mr. Richard Bennett, Esq.," for the ensuing year. After him, came Edward Digges; and, as successor to Digges, Samuel Matthews was elected (1656.)

In 1660, came the Restoration in England. Charles II. was acclaimed with no less rapture in the old country than in Virginia. "Men, women and children," says Cooke, "hailed the new era with immense joy."

The General Assembly made the mistake of re-electing Sir William Berkley; and the old Knight made the mistake of returning to power. Had he remained in retirement, in his lovely and splendid home, Greenspring, where his beloved wife and his devoted friends offered every prospect of happiness, his name would have been one of the most respected in Virginia history; and he would not have died broken-hearted, in England, the object of hatred in the New World, and of bitter condemnation in the Old.

The Roman Catholic Hierarchy: The Deadliest Menace to Our Liberties and Our Civilization

[For the individual Roman Catholic, who finds happiness in his faith, I have no word of unkindness. Some of my best friends are devout believers in their "Holy Father." If anything contained in the series of chapters dealing with the hierarchy causes them pain, and alienates their good will, I shall deplore it.

The Roman Catholic ORGANIZATION is the object of my profoundest detestation—NOT the belief of THE INDIVIDUAL.]

Chapter XXII.

IN the year 1888, there was published, in Boston, Mass., one of the most dynamic books that ever came from the American press. Indeed, it was so bold an exposure of the shocking immorality among the priests and nuns that the Rand-Avery Company, which had contracted to print the work, became frightened. They at first declared they would not carry out the contract. But after consulting Anthony Comstock and others, they so completely changed their minds that they consented, not only to print the book, but to assume the responsibility of publishers.

The author is Justin D. Fulton, D. D.; his book is *"Why Priests Should Wed"*—a title which very inadequately suggests his broad treatment of the whole Roman question.

As everybody knows, the Bible encourages marriage and procreation. Among the ancient Jews the barren woman considered herself peculiarly unfortunate. When she lost hope of mothering children of her own, she expected her husband to beget heirs by some other woman. Abraham, Sarah and Hagar furnish a familiar illustration.

In the New Testament, we find the same thing. Marriage is almost made obligatory, as the conservator of morality. Those early disciples *knew* what a normal man's passions are; and they advised accordingly. Paul characterized the prohibition of marriage as *the doctrine of devils.* He speaks of the bishop as *the husband of one wife, only.*

Nearly all of the Apostles were married men: Peter himself had a wife, and Christ cured her mother of a fever. Paul, indeed, set an example of celibacy, and suffered from it, apparently. There is considerable reason for the opinion that Paul was a stern ascetic and confirmed woman-hater. His estimate of the opposite sex seems to have been low.

Be that as it may, the Papa at Rome does not pretend that he finds a precept, or a precedent, in Paul's example. Peter, always Peter, is Papa's own particular guide; and yet, in the vastly important matter of matrimony Papa will not allow Peter's example to command imitation.

For hundreds of years, the Christian bishops, deacons and elders continued to enter into the holy bonds of wedlock. They had wives whom they could openly own and

love: they had children who could be tenderly reared. They had homes and hearth-stones, like other men; and tasted domestic joys, as other men did.

Then, little by little, the priesthood began to frown on marriage. Celibacy began to grow. But there was a tremendous battle, in the Church itself; and this struggle lasted for centuries. At last, in 1073, under Pope Gregory VII. (Hildebrande) the decree went forth, and celibacy was launched as a papal dogma.

Married priests were torn, ruthlessly, from their frantic wives; fathers, from their wailing children. Happy homes were brought to desolation throughout Europe.

Why? Because ambitious and crafty Popes wanted an army of priests, devoted exclusively to the Pontiff and to the Church. No division of love and loyalty was to be tolerated. Papa and Holy Church must be all in all. As to the natural, rebellious overmastering passions, were there not the closely guarded, walled in, secret convents, where women were plentiful and helpless?

Into those Bastilles where girls and women were immured, no investigation from without could come; and no voice—let it shriek ever so wildly—would make its way from within to the outer world.

Did indiscriminate concubinage follow the abolition of marriage? It surely did. The prediction of "Saint" Bernard was literally fulfilled. "Take away honorable wedlock," said he, "and you will fill the Church with fornication, incest, sodomy and all pollution." Erasmus compared celibacy to a pestilence. Origen showed what he thought of a normal man's power to control his sexual appetite; he wished to remain virtuous and he had himself desexualized. He knew, as all men ought to know, that God made this passion a most powerful one, because the perpetuation and increase of the human species depends upon it.

In all the literature of the times following the pretended establishment of celibacy, you will find horrified historians, poets, novelists, memoir writers, statesmen, lawmakers and even prelates and popes crying out in wrath and despair at the shocking and universal depravities of the celibate priesthood. Whether in Germany, Spain, France, Italy or England, the story was the same. Unmarried priests, given unlimited access to imprisoned women, did what other normal, unmarried men would have done under similar circumstances.

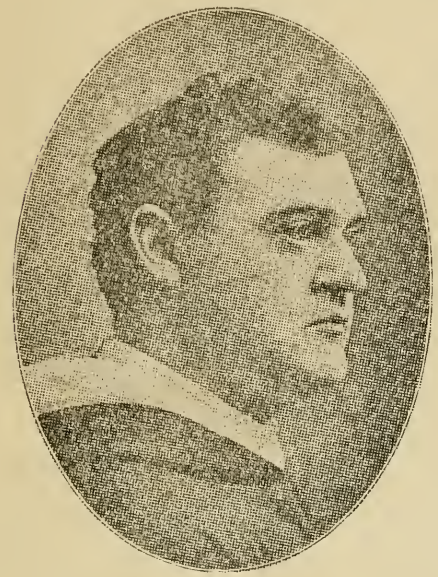
When Popes themselves had mistresses and acknowledged bastards, how could the priests be expected to plunge into ice-water, or a snow bank, to chill the ardor of the blood?

With the Pope setting an example of sumptuous, sensuous living, how could anyone hope that the priests would come down to cresses, lentils and spring-water? With the Vatican turned into a gilded brothel, the scandal of Europe, how could the priest be expected to keep "bachelor hall" without the companionship of a good-looking wench, for "neice," or "house-keeper?"

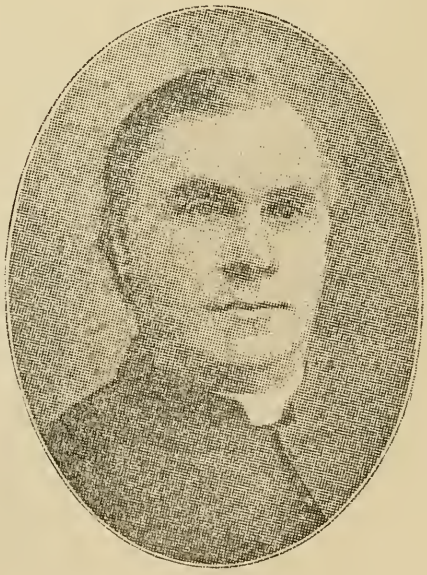
It is well known—as stated in Dr. Fulton's book—that even Pius

IX had two beautiful daughters; and that *his master,* Cardinal Antonelli, was one of the greatest rakes in Christendom. After his death, the Countess Lambertini brought suit, as his daughter, to recover his estate.

The gross, unrestricted immorality of the European nunneries continued as long as nunneries



Typical priests, well known in America. Do they look like anchorites, or do they have the expression and appearance of sybarites?



This old fellow on the left looks plethoric. He on the right, with his knob nose and bull neck, suggests enjoyment of *all* natural appetites.

were tolerated. They had to be broken up in Germany; they were abolished in France; they are no longer permitted in Italy. And when the Progressives in Portugal suddenly atacked those dens of iniquity, and the nuns were dispossessed, they came forth *accompanied by their children.* The press despatches stated that many of these pious ladies were unmistakably "in a delicate condition." Nobody but monks and priests had had access to them.

In this country, the building of ecclesiastical Bastilles is unmolested. The State claims no right of visitation: no supervision or inspection is practised. Those frowning walls bar out the curious. No eye sees, no ear can hear what goes on within the Bastille. The nuns demurely come and go: the priests pussy-foot, here and there: and the secrets locked in those breasts are known only to themselves and to God.

What has been the result? Human nature is the same here as in Europe. The tree being the same, can you doubt that the fruit is the same?

Let us take up Dr. Fulton's book and read:

"Take now this story, as told by a Jesuit priest. It is the private confession of Father Garca, a Jesuit:

" 'A woman of thirty-three years came to confess to me, and told me that from sixteen years of age until twenty-four she had committed all sorts of lewdness, only with ecclesiastical persons, having in every convent a friar, who, under the name of cousin, did use to visit her. At last she dreamed that the Devil was free with her, and she was delivered of a boy, and that she knew no man for fourteen months. This so distressed her that she threatened to lay hands on herself. The inquisitors sent for the woman and her maid, and discovered the story. It was this: Father Canchillos a Victorian friar, was in love with the woman, but she could not bear the sight of him. That he gained the maid, putting some opium into her mistress' supper; she fell fast asleep, and the said father did ——. So the child is not the son of the Devil, but of Father Canchillos. The friar was put into the Inquisition for having persuaded the maid to tell the mistress that it was the Devil; for she had been under the same fear, and really she was in the same condition.'

"This private confession of a priest is an eye-opener for those who believe in the immaculate character of the priesthood.

"Don Paulo says: 'Since God Almighty is pleased to visit me with this sickness, I ought to make good use of the time I have to live, and I desire of you to help me with your prayers, and to take the trouble to write some substantial points of my confession, that you may perform, after my death, whatever may enable me to discharge my duty toward God and men. When I was ordained priest, I made a general confession of all my sins. I have served my parish sixteen years, and all my care has been to discover the tempers and inclinations of my parishioners; there are in my parish sixteen hundred families, and more or less I

have defrauded them all some way or other.

" 'My thoughts have been impure ever since I began to hear confessions; my words have been grave and severe with them all, and all my parishioners have respected and feared me. I have had so great an empire over them, that some of them, knowing of my misdoings, have taken my defence in public. I have omitted nothing to please them in outward appearance, but my actions have been the most criminal of mankind; for, as to my ecclesiastical duty, what I have done has been for custom's sake.

" 'As to the confessions and wills I have received from my parishioners at the point of death, I do confess I have made myself master of as much as I could, and by that means I have gathered together all my riches. As to my duty towards God, I am guilty to the highest degree, for I have not loved Him; I have neglected to say the private divine service every day. I have procured by remedies, sixty abortions, making the fathers of the children their murderers, besides many others intended, though not executed, by some unexpected accident. I confess I have frequented the parish club twelve years. We were only six parish priests in it, and there we did consult and contrive all the ways to satisfy our passions. Each had a list of the handsomest women in the parish; and when one had a fancy to see any woman remarkable for her beauty in another's parish, the priest of the parish sent for her to his own house; and, having prepared the way for wickedness, the other had nothing to do but to——, and so we have served one another these twelve years. Our method has been to persuade the husbands and fathers not to hinder them any spiritual comfort, and to the ladies to persuade them to be subject to our advice and will; and that in so doing they should have liberty at any time to go out on a pretence of communicating some spiritual business to the priest. And if they refused to do it, then we should speak to their husbands and fathers not to let them go out at all, or which would be worse for themselves, we should inform against them to the holy tribunal of the Inquisition. And by these diabolical persuasions they were at our command, without fear of revealing the secret. I have spared no woman of my parish, whom I had a fancy for, and many other of my brethrens' parishes; but I cannot tell the number. I have sixty nepotes alive of several women; but my principal care ought to be of those that I have by two young women I keep at home since their parents died. Both are sisters, and I had by the eldest two boys, and by the youngest one. The one I had by my own sister is dead. Therefore I leave to my sister five thousand pistoles, on condition that she enter St. Bernard's Monastery, and upon the same condition I leave two thousand to the two young women, and the rest to the three boys.' This is the confession of a priest in 1710, who died the same day, and went to the judgment-bar of God in that condition.

"The abominations of auricular confession baffle description.

"There are two women who ought to be constant objects of the

compassion of the disciples of Christ: the Brahmin, who, deceived by her priests, burns herself on the corpse of her husband; and the Roman Catholic woman, who, not less deceived by her priest, suffers a torture far more cruel and ignominious in the confessional-box, to appease the wrath of her wafer-god. For I do not exaggerate when I say that for many noble-hearted, well-educated, high-minded women, to be forced to unveil their hearts before the eyes of a man, to open to him all the most secret recesses of their souls, all the most sacred mysteries of their single or married life, to allow him to put to them questions which the most depraved woman would never consent to hear from the vilest seducer, is often more intolerable than to be tied on burning coals.

"More than once I have seen women fainting in the confessional-box, who told me afterwards that the necessity of speaking to an unmarried man on certain things, on which the most common laws of decency ought to have forever sealed their lips, had almost killed them. Not hundreds, but thousands of times, I have heard from the lips of dying women, the awful words: 'I am forever lost! All my past confessions and communications have been so many sacrileges. I have never loved to answer correctly the questions of my confessors. Shame has sealed my lips, and damned my soul.'

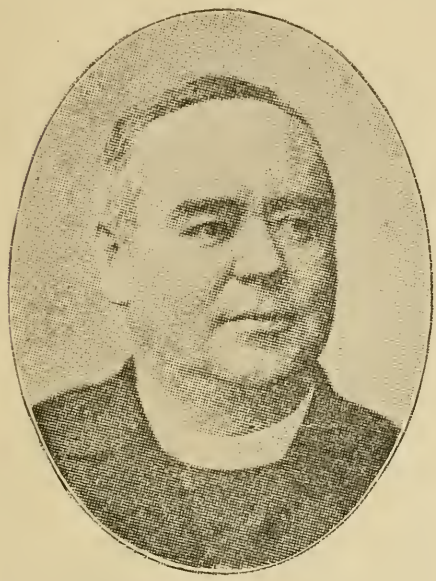
"How many times God has spoken to me, as he speaks to all the priests of Rome, and said with a thundering voice, 'What would that young man do, could he hear the questions you put to his wife? Would he not blow out your brains? And that father, would he not pass his dagger through your breast, if he could know what you ask from his poor trembling daughter? Would not the brother of that young girl put an end to your miserable life, if he could hear the unmentionable subjects on which you speak with her in the confessional?'

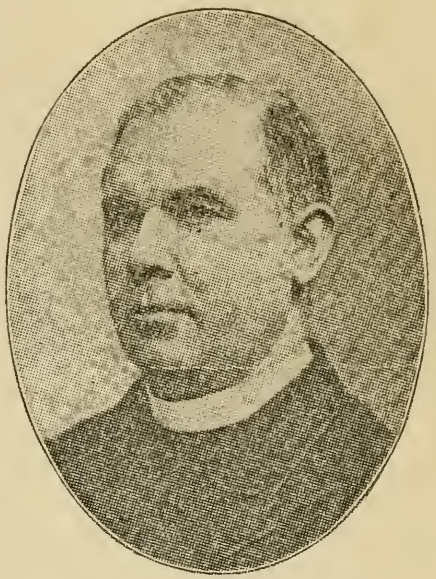
"With one more story, told by Father Chiniquy, we dismiss the subject:

" 'In the beginning of my priesthood, I was not a little surprised and embarrassed to see a very accomplished and beautiful young lady, whom I used to meet almost every week, entering the box of my confessional. She had been used to confess to another young priest of my acquaintance; and she was always looked upon as one of the most pious girls of the city. She disguised herself, and began by saying:

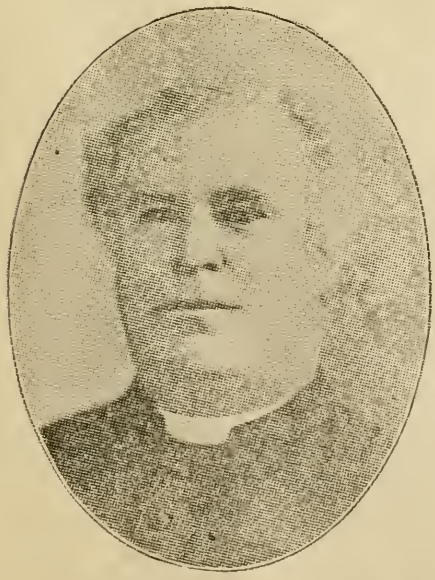
" 'Dear father, I hope you do not know me, and that you will never try to know me. I am a desperately great sinner. Before I begin my confession, allow me to ask you not to pollute my ears by questions which our confessors are in the habit of putting to their female penitents. I have already been destroyed by those questions. Before I was seventeen years old, the chaplain of the nunnery where my parents had sent me for my education, though approaching old age, put to me, in confessional, a question which, when understood, plunged my thoughts into a sea of iniquity, till then absolutely unknown to me.' As a result she was

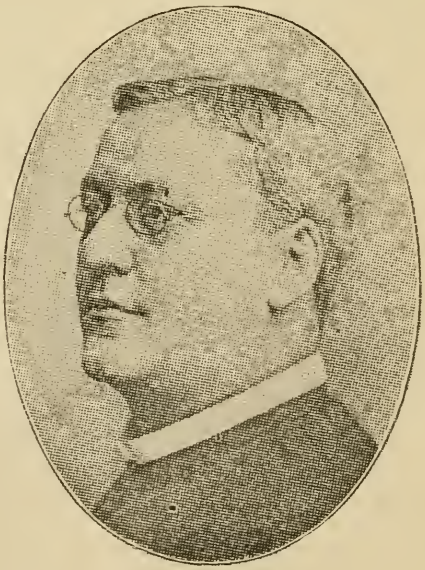
ruined. She became the counterpart of the priest. She fell so low that she declared, 'I had a real pleasure in conversing with my priest on these matters, and enjoyed his asking me more of his strange questions. The hour in the confessional was but a criminal tete-a-tete. I perceived that he was as depraved as myself. With some half-covered words he made a ———, which I accepted with





Typical Irish prelates. They subdue natural heats by lying in ice-packs, etc., as the early saints did.





Two more virgins. They can prove their virginity by their faces.

covered words also; and during more than a year we have lived together in the most sinful intimacy. When the course of my convent instruction was finished, my parents called me back to their home. I was really glad of the change of residence, for I was beginning to be tired of my criminal life. My hope was that, under the directions of a better confessor, I should reconcile myself to God, and begin a Christian life. Unfortunately for me, my new confessor, who was very young, began also his interrogations. He soon fell in love with me, and I loved him in a most criminal way. I have done with him things which I hope you will never request me to reveal to you, for they are too monstrous to be repeated even in the confessional, by a woman to a man. It was my fault. I believe he was a good priest before he knew me; but the questions he put to me, and the answers I had to give him, melted his heart—I know it—just as boiling lead would melt the ice on which it flows.

"'You understand, I have given up my last confessor. I have two favors to ask. One, that you will never seek to ascertain my name; second, that you will never put to me any of those questions by which so many penitents are lost and so many priests forever destroyed. Twice I have been lost by those questions. We come to our confessors that they may throw upon our guilty souls the pure waters which flow from Heaven to purify us; but, instead of that with their unmentionable questions, they pour oil on the burning fires which are already raging in our poor simple hearts. Oh, dear father, let me become your penitent, that you may help me to go to Magdalena, and weep at the Saviour's feet! Do respect me, as He respected that true model of all the sinful but repenting women! Did He exort from her the history of things which a sinful woman cannot say without forgetting the respect she owes to herself and to God? No! You told us, not long ago, that the only thing that our Saviour did was to look at her tears and her love. Well, please do that, and you will save me.'

"Cannot Romanists see this? Christ, without a priest, is the Saviour. Father Chiniquy encouraged her as best he could, and went to his confessor, afterwards Archbishop of Canada, and asked if he might forego the questions. His reply was in the negative. 'Such cases of the destruction of female virtue by the questions of the confessors is an unavoidable evil. Such questions are necessary.

"'You must not be discouraged when, through the confessional or any other way, you learn of the fall of priests into the common frailties of human nature with their penitents. Our Saviour knew very well that the occasions and the temptations we have to encounter in the confessions of girls and women, are so numerous and irresistible that many would fall. But He has given them the holy Virgin Mary, who constantly asks and demands their pardon; He has given them the sacrament of penance, when they can receive their pardon as often as they ask for it. The vow of perfect chastity is a great honor and privilege; but we cannot con-

ceal from ourselves that it puts on our shoulders a burden which many cannot carry forever. St. Liguori says that we must not rebuke the penitent priest who falls once a month; and some other trustworthy theologians are still more charitable.'

"As a result, the young woman sought to make confession without hearing or answering the questions. As a priest, Father Chiniquy was compelled to say that it could not be done. With a piercing cry, she exclaimed, 'Then, Oh, my God! I am lost, forever lost,' and fainted away. She was carried home. On her death-bed Christ came to her in answer to prayer, and gave her a peace that passeth knowledge. Without the help of priest she fought the battle, saying, 'I shall not be lost.'

"On one occasion she calmly, but with an air of dignity, asked, 'Is it true that, after the sins of Adam and Eve, God Himself made coats and skins, and clothed them, that they might not see each other's nakedness?' 'Yes,' I said. 'This is what the Holy Scriptures tell us.'

" 'Well, then, how is it possible that our confessors dare to take away from us that holy divine coat of modesty and self-respect? Has not Almighty God Himself made, with His own hands, that coat of womanly modesty and self-respect that we might be to you and to ourselves a cause of shame, and sin?'

"Her words demolished the traditions of the church, and pulverized the doctrines of her theologians.

"After a time she continued: 'Twice I have been destroyed by priest at the confessionals. They took away from me that coat of modesty and self-respect which God gives to every human being who comes into this world, and twice I have become for those priests a pit of deep perdition, into which they have fallen, and where I hear they are forever lost. My merciful Father has given me back that coat of skins, that nuptial robe of modesty, self-respect, and holiness, which had been taken away from me. He cannot allow you or any other man to tear again and spoil that vestment which is the work of His hands.'

"The revelation of the unmentionable corruptions directly and unavoidably engendered by auricular confession had come to me from the lips of that young lady, as the first rays of the sun which were to hurl back the dark clouds of night by which Rome had wrapped my intelligence on that subject.

"Had this young person been the only one to tell me that, I might still have held some doubt about the diabolical origin of that institution. But thousands and thousands before and after her have shown me that auricular confession, with very few exceptions, drags both the confessor and his female penitents into a common and irreparable ruin. Hence, a law ought to be passed making auricular confession a crime, and then woman in the Roman Catholic Church would be emancipated."

Napoleon, As He Looked and Moved, During the Hundred Days

(From Memoirs of Sir Jonah Barrington)

(CONTINUED FROM LAST MONTH.)

THE days rolled on, and in their train brought Summer and the month of June, on the 8th day of which, the peers and deputies of the legislative body were summoned to attend collectively, at two o'clock, in the Chamber of Deputies, to receive the Emperor and take the oath of fidelity to him and to the Constitution, in the midst of all the splendor which the brilliant metropolis of France could supply. The abduction of the regalia by some friends of King Louis, when they ran away to Ghent, had left Napoleon without any crown wherewith to gratify the vanity of a people at all times devoted to every species of spectacles; he had only a button and loop of brilliants which fastened up his Spanish hat, over the sides whereof an immense plumage hung nodding. But this was such a scene, and such an occasion, that a wreath was far better than all the diamonds in the universe. The whole of the imperial family were to be present.

The program announced that all Napoleon's marshals and generals, together with the veterans of his staff and the male branches of his family, were to be grouped around him; as were likewise several of those statesmen whose talents had helped originally to raise him to the throne, and whose treachery afterward succeeded in hurling him a second time from it. The peers and deputites, in their several ranks and costumes, were each, individually and distinictly, on that day, to swear new allegiance to their Emperor, and a lasting obedience to the Constitution.

The solemnity of Napoleon's inauguration, and that of his promulgating the new Constitution at the Champ de Mars, made by far the greatest impression on my mind of all the remarkable public or private occurrences I had ever witnessed. The intense interest, the incalculable importance, not only to France, but to the world, of those two great events, generated reflections within me more weighty and profound than any I had hitherto entertained: while the variety of glittering dresses, the novelty and the ever-changing nature of the objects around me, combined to cheat me almost into a belief that I had migrated to Fairyland and, in fact, to prevent me from fixing my regards on anything.

The first of those days was the most interesting to France—the second to Europe at large. Though totally unparalleled in all their bearings, and dissimilar from every other historical incident ancient or modern, yet these solemnities seem to have been considered by most who have written upon the subject as little more than ordinary transactions. Were I to give my feelings full play in reciting their effect on myself, I should at this calmer moment be, perhaps, set down as a visionary or enthusiast. I shall, therefore, confine myself to simple narrative.

The procession of the Emperor from the Tuilleries to the chambers, though short, was to have been of the most imposing character. But, much as I wished to see it, I found that by such an attempt I might lose my place in the gallery of the chamber, and, consequently, the view of the inauguration scene. At eleven o'clock, therefore, I brought my family to a house on the

quay, for which I had previously paid dearly, and where, having placed them at a window, I repaired myself to the Chamber of Deputies, in company of a French colonel, who had been introduced to us by Colonel Gowen, and who kindly undertook to be my usher and to point out to me the most celebrated warriors and generals of the guard and army, who in groups promenaded the courts and gardens of the Senate-house, awaiting the appointed hour for parading to receive the Emperor. This gentleman, in fact, introduced me to several officers and persons of rank; and though at that moment war, attended by all its horrors, was deemed inevitable, I was addressed with a courtesy and gentlemanly frankness which, under similar circumstances, would in any other country, I fear, have been wanting. They spoke without reserve of the tremendous struggle about to be commenced; but not a man of them appeared to me to have a single doubt of triumphing; and had my own country been neutral or uninterested I certainly should have preferred the brilliance of Napoleon's despotism to the contracted, glimmering tyranny of his Continental enemies. But I knew that Great Britain was implicated. Napoleon and England might coalesce for a moment; but I felt that the ascendency of the former was incompatible with the power of the latter, and I was chilled by the reflection, which in some degree abated my relish for the striking scenes before me.

Among other individuals of note presented to me by the colonel was Labedoyere, who was destined so soon to atone with the forfeiture of his life for his fidelity to his first patron. I had heard then nothing particular about this man, and consequently took but little notice of him. There was not one whom I remarked more than Ney, then Prince of Moskwa. "That," said the colonel, as he pointed him out to me, "is the greatest sabreur in Europe:" and Ney's rough, manly, sunburnt countenance, well set off by his muscular, warlike figure, confirmed the character. "There," continued my informant, pointing to a civilian in full dress, "is one of the truest partisans the Emperor has in France—Count Thibaudeau." I had previously remarked the person to whom my attention was thus directed, as one not formed of common materials, and had occasion soon after to observe him still more particularly.

So many of the objects of that day have been sketched in various publications that I shall not endeavor to give anything in the shape of a list of them, but content myself with the mention of those which struck me most forcibly at the moment.

Whoever was in Paris during the "Hundred Days" must have seen the old guard of Napoleon. Such a body of soldiers (all appearing of the selfsame character) I believe never was collected. Their herculean vigor, more than the height of their persons, was remarkable; and their dark, deep-furrowed visages (enveloped in mustaches and surmounted by the bear's skin of their lofty caps, glittering with ornaments), combined, together with their arms, their clothes, and more particularly their steadiness, to exhibit to me the most complete model of genuine soldiers. Their looks, though the very emblem of gravity and determination, were totally devoid of ferocity; and I could fancy the grenadiers of the old guard to be heroes uniting the qualities of fidelity, of valor, and of generosity; their whole appearance, indeed, was most attractive.

The cavalry had dismounted and were sitting around on the steps and parapets of the edifice, mostly employed in sharpening their sabres with small hones; and the whole seemed to me as if actuated only by an ardent wish to proceed to action. One officer asked me in English, rather more freely than the rest, if I knew the British

commander (Lord Wellington). I said I did. "Well," replied he, "we shall have a brush with him before the week is over," and he turned away with an expression strongly indicative of contempt. I believe Lord Wellington did not quite anticipate the short time that would be given him by his opponents. My observations and introductions were, however, at length interrupted by the first cannon, which announced that the Emperor had commenced his passage from the Tuileries. All was in immediate bustle; the drums beat, the trumpets sounded, the deputies and officers flocked into their halls, the cuirassiers were mounted, the grenadiers in line, the officers at their stations, and in five minutes the mingled and motley crowd was arranged in order so regular and so silently assumed, that it was almost impossible to suppose they had ever been in confusion. The different bands struck up; they had received orders respecting the airs that should be played as the Emperor approached, while they began to practice, and the whole scene, almost in a moment, wore an aspect entirely new.

The firing of cannon continued; the Emperor had advanced along the quays and passed over that very spot where the last French monarch had, twenty years before, been immolated by his subjects. The word enthusiasm, strong as its meaning is generally held to be, really failed, on this occasion, to express as much as the military seemed to feel. The citizens who thronged around did not, however, it is true, appear to partake in this sentiment to anything like a corresponding extent. Whether it was that they felt it not, or that they were conscious of acting a subordinate part in the pageant (which unquestionably bore too much of a military character), I do not know.

My loge exactly faced the throne; and in the next sat the Emperor's mother and all the females, with their attendants. I knew nobody; I saw no English there: there was one person in full dress, who was said to be Chevalier Ecosse, and who, having distinguished himself and announced his nation by making an abominable disturbance about something or other, was very properly turned out. We sat in silent expectation of the Emperor's arrival, which was to be announced by the cessation of the repeated salutes of artillery. The moments were counted: the peers and deputies were seated in their places, all in full dress—the former occupying the front benches, and the deputies ranged behind them. Servants of the chamber, in the most splendid liveries that can be conceived, were seen busy at all the side doors: the front door was underneath our loge. It was, therefore, impossible for me to see the effect the first appearance of the Emperor, who at length, followed by a numerous retinue, crossed the chamber—not majestically, but with rather hurried steps. Having slightly raised his hat, he seated himself abruptly on the throne and, wrapping himself in his purple cloak, sat silent.

The scene was altogether most interesting; but there was no time for contemplation. The whole assembly immediately rose and, if a judgment might be formed from the outward expression of their feelings, it would be inferred that Napoleon was enthroned in the heart of almost every peer and deputy who had that day received him. A loud, continued, and unanimous burst of enthusiastic congratulation proceeded from every quarter; it echoed throughout the whole chamber, and had all the attributes of sincerity. One circumstance I particularly remarked: the old cry of "Vive l'Empereur," was discontinued and, as if the spectators' hearts were too full to utter more, they limited themselves to a single word, "l'Empereur," alone bursting from the whole assembly. I found afterward that there was a meaning in this. Inasmuch as the ceremony was not a mere greeting, it was an inauguration

of the Emperor. It was this solemnity which, in fact, recreated his title after his formal abdication, and the assembly thus noted the distinction.

Meanwhile, Napoleon sat apparently unmoved; he occasionally touched his hat, but spake not. I stood immediately in front of, and looking down on the throne, and, being in the back row, could use my opera glass without observation. Napoleon was at that moment, all circumstances considered, the most interesting personage in existence. His dress, although rich, was scarcely royal; he was not, as a king should be by prescription, covered with jewels; he had no crown, and wore the same dress exactly as he afterward did on his visit to the Champ de Mars—namely, a black Spanish hat, fastened up in front with a diamond loop and button; heavy plumes of ostrich feathers, which hung nodding over his forehead; and rather a short cloak of purple velvet, embroidered with golden bees. The dimensions of his person were thus concealed; but his stature, which scarcely attained the middle height, seemed still lower on account of his square-built form and his high and ungraceful shoulders. He was, in fact, by no means a majestic figure. I watched his eye; it was that of a hawk, and struck me as being peculiarly brilliant. Without moving his head, or a single muscle of his countenance, his eye was everywhere, and really seemed omniscient; an almost imperceptible transition moved it from place to place, as if by magic, and it was fixed steadily upon one object before a spectator could observe its withdrawal from another.

Yet even at this moment, powerful as was the spell in which Napoleon's presence bound the spectator, my attention was drawn aside by another object which seemed to me to afford much scope for contemplation. This was the Emperor's mother. I stood, as I have already said, in the next loge of the gallery to that occupied by the imperial family. The dutiful and affectionate regard of Napoleon to his mother is universally authenticated; and as his nature was not framed either to form or perpetuate mere attachments, of course it was natural to concede that this lady's character had something about it worthy of remark. I was, therefore, curious to trace, as far as possible, the impressions made upon her by the passing scene.

Madame Mere (as she was then called) was a very fine old lady, apparently about sixty, but looking strong and in good health. She was not, and I believe never had been, a beauty; but was, nevertheless, well-looking, and possessed a cheerful, comfortable countenance. In short, I liked her appearance. It was plain and unassuming, and I set my mind to the task of scrutinizing her probable sensation on that important day.

Let us for a moment consider the situation of that mother, who, while in an humble sphere of life, and struggling with many difficulties, had borne, nursed and reared a son who, at an early age, and solely by his superior talents, became ruler of one of the fairest portions of the civilized creation; to whom kings and princes crouched and submitted, and transferred their territories and their subjects at his will and pleasure; to whom the whole world, except England, had flattered and fawned on, handing over to him a favorite daughter even while the conqueror's true wife was living; and whom the same bewildered Emperor had afterward assisted in rousing all Europe to overthrow—thus dethroning his daughter, disinheriting his grandson, and exposing himself to the contempt and derision of the universe—only that he might have the gratification of enslaving six millions of the Italian people. The mother of Napoleon had seen all this, and had, no doubt, felt bitterly that reverse of fortune, whereby her son had been expelled and driven into exile, after his long dream

of grandeur and almost resistless influence. What, then, must be the sensations of that mother at the scene we are describing—when she beheld the same son again hailed Emperor of the French, restored to power and to his friends by the universal assent of a great nation and the firm attachment of victorious armies? He remounted his throne before her eyes once more, and without the shedding of one drop of blood was again called to exercise those functions of royalty from which he had been a few months before excluded.

It was under these impressions that I eagerly watched the countenance of that delighted lady; but her features did not appear to me sufficiently marked to give full scope to the indication to her feeling. I could judge, in fact, nothing from any other feature except the eye, to which, when I could catch it, I looked for information. At first I could see only her profile; but as she frequently turned around, her emotions were from time to time obvious. A tear occasionally moistened her cheek, but it evidently proceeded from a happy rather than a painful feeling—it was the tear of parental ecstacy. I could perceive no lofty sensations of gratified ambition, no towering pride, no vain and empty arrogance, as she viewed underneath her the peers and representatives of her son's dominions. In fact, I could perceive nothing in the deportment of Madame Mere that was not calculated to excite respect for her as a woman and admiration of her as the person who had brought into the world a man for many years the most successful of his species.

From observation of this interesting lady I was called off by the scene which followed. After the Emperor had been awhile seated (his brothers and the public functionaries around him, as expressed in a printed program), the oath was ministered to the peers and deputies individually, so that each was distinctly marked by name; and what I considered most fortunate was that a French gentleman, who sat immediately before me (I believe some public officer), was assiduous in giving the two ladies who accompanied him not only the name of each peer or deputy, as he took the oath, but also some description of him. I took the advantage of this incident, and in a little tablet copied down the names of such as I had heard spoken of as remarkable persons, and particularly the generals and marshals.

The manner of administering and taking the oath was very different from ours. The French had, from the period of the Revolution, very justly conceived that an oath of any description would not be one atom more binding on the party if taken upon a book than if trust were reposed in their mere word of honor. On the present occasion each person, as his name was called over, arose and, holding out his right arm to its extent (the palm of the hand uppermost), deliberately pronounced: "Je jure fidelite a l'Empereur, et obedience a la Constitution." The reader will easily believe that it was a source of the utmost interest to watch the countenances of these dignitaries of France while they were engaged in performing this important ceremonial. My physiognomical observation was kept fully on the stretch, and was never, before or since, so sated with materials to work upon. The Emperor, meanwhile, as I have already mentioned, sat almost immovable. He did not appear exhilirated; indeed, on the other hand, I think he was indisposed. His breast heaved at times very perceptibly; an involuntary convulsed motion agitated his lip; but never did I see an eye more indefatigable and penetrating. As each man's name was called and the oath administered, its regard was fixed upon the individual, and nothing could be more curious to the spectator than to transfer his gaze alternately from the party taking the

oath to the Emperor himself. Some of the peers and deputies, Napoleon's eye passed over with scarcely a look, while others he regarded as though disposed to penetrate their very souls and search there for proofs of a sincerity he considered doubtful. Some seemed to excite a pleasurable, others a painful sensation, within him, though this was difficult to recognize, inasmuch as his features seldom, and never more than slightly, changed their entire expression. The countenances of the members themselves were more easily read, and afforded in many instances good clews whereby, if not the real feelings, at least the tendency of the parties, might be deciphered. Some stood boldly up, and loudly, and without hesitation, took the oath; while others, in slow, tremulous voices, pledged themselves to what they either never meant, or were not quite certain of their ability to perform; and a few displayed manifest symptoms of repugnance in their manner. But the scene was of that nature so splendid—so generally interesting—that few persons, except those whose habits had long led them to the study of mankind, or such as might have some special interest in the result, would have attended to these indications, which were, of course, not suffered in any instance to become prominent.

One of the first persons who took the oath was Fouche, Duke of Otranto. I had been in this nobleman's office on my first arrival in Paris, and had marked his countenance. He had originally been a monk (I believe a Jesuit), and was on all hands admitted to be a man of the utmost talent, but at the same time wholly destitute of moral principle—a man who, in order to attain his ends, would disregard justice and set opinion at insolent defiance. But, above all, Fouche's reigning character was duplicity: in that qualification of a statesman he had no rival. Napoleon knew him thoroughly; but, circumstanced as he was, he had occasion for such men.

Yet even Fouche, I really think, was, on this day, off his guard. He was at the time, there can be little doubt, in actual communication with some of Napoleon's enemies; and he certainly appeared, whether or not from "compunctious visitings of conscience," to be ill at ease. I kept my eye much on him, and it was quite obvious to me that some powerful train of feeling was working within his breast. On his name being called, there was nothing either bold, frank or steady, in his appearance or demeanor. He held out his hand not much higher than his lip, and, in a tone of voice languid, if not faltering, swore to a fidelity which he was determined, should be find it convenient, to renounce. I really think (and my eye and glass were full upon him) that Fouche, at this moment, felt his own treachery. A slight hectic flush passed over his temples, and his tongue seemed to cleave to his mouth. I cannot account for my impression further than this, but from that instant I set down the man as a traitor. Napoleon for the first time turned his head as Fouche tendered his allegiance. I could perceive no marked expression in the Emperor's countenance, which remained placid and steady; but I could not help thinking that even that complacent regard (which certainly indicated no confidence, if it was free from agitation) semed to say, "I know you." The ceremony proceeded; and after awhile the name was called of a person whom I had before seen—Count Thibaudeau. The contrast between this gentleman and Fouche was very remarkable. He stood up quickly, and with great firmness stepped a little forward, and held his arm higher than his shoulder: "Je jure," exclaimed Count Thibaudeau; "je jure"—repeating the words with emphasis—"fidelite a mon Empereur, et obedience a la constitution." I watched Napoleon's

look: it was still serene, but a ray of gratification was not absent, and shot rapidly across his features. The business at length terminated. I treasured up in my mind the impressions made upon it that day, and in very few of my forebodings was I eventually mistaken.

The inauguration of the Emperor was now complete, and the reflection was extremely solemn that all the powers of Europe were armed to overthrow the business of that morning. Neither peace nor truce was to be made with Napoleon, who was, on his part, about to try the strength of France alone against a union of inveterate and inexorable foes. He was now about to inform his assembled legislators of this decision, and to make a declaration that should at once rouse the French people generally, and instil into the Legislature a portion of his own energy.

I was all expectation. The critical moment arrived: the occasion—the place—the subject—and more especially the effect expected to be produced—all combined in leading me to anticipate some speech more impressive than any I had ever heard.

The Emperor roes from his throne rather quickly, raised his hat for a moment, and looked round him with a glance which, though probably meant to imply confidence, had to me the expression of scrutiny. Having done this, he reseated himself, and commenced his speech. In language, it was well adapted to the French soldiery: as a proclamation, it might be considered admirable; but to a legislative assembly, it seemed to me (perhaps erroneously) ill adapted. I did expect, at all events, that it would be pronounced with that energy which was indicative of the speaker's character; but miserably was I disappointed. Napoleon read it distinctly, but to my mind, utterly without effect: there was no ardor, no emphasis, no modulation of voice, no action to enforce the sentiment. The delivery was monotonous and unimpressive; nor can I yet conceive how it was possible such a man could pronounce such a speech without evincing that warmth of feeling which the words, as well as the great subject itself (to say nothing of his own situation), were calculated to inspire. The French in general read extremely ill; and Napoleon's style of elocution was a very humble specimen even of theirs. He ran the sentences into each other; in short, seemed to view the whole thing as a mere matter of course, and to be anxious to get through it. It put me more in mind of a solicitor reading a marriage-settlement than anything else. Here and there, indeed, he appeared somewhat touched by the text, and most probably he himself felt it all; but he certainly expressed nothing in a manner that could make others feel it. The concluding words of the speech—"this is the moment to conquer or to perish"—though pronounced by Napoleon with little more energy than the preceding parts (very much as if he had been saying, "And your petitioner will ever pray"), made a strong and visible impression upon the entire auditory. Two or three of the deputies, I observed, by (to all appearance) an involuntary movement, put their hands on their sword-hilts, and whispered to those who sat next them; and among the military officers who were in the assembly there was evidently a very gallant feeling. I cast my eye at this moment on Fouche: he was looking upon the ground, seemingly in contemplation, and moved not a muscle.

At the conclusion of the speech, Napoleon, whose vivid manner had considerably damped my previous excitement, immediately descended from the throne, and, in the same state, and amid redoubled applauses, returned to the palace to make his last prepara-

tions to put into execution what I have since heard denominated by English generals the finest military manoeuvre of his whole life. Two things seem to be universally admitted: that the first object of that train of movements—namely, the surprise and decision of the allied troops—was completely successful; and that its second object—the defeat of those troops in a general engagement—was so near its accomplishment, that its failure may almost be regarded as miraculous.

I returned home full of reflection. I soon recounted all my impressions (particularly with respect to Fouche and Napoleon) to my family and two or three friends who dined with us. I did not hesitate to speak frankly my opinion of the game played by the Duke of Otranto, nor did any long period elapse before my predictions were verified.

The promulgation of the new articles of the Constitution by Napoleon at the Champ de Mars promised to elicit much of the public sentiment. For my own part, I conceived that it would be the true touchstone of Parisian feeling; but in that I idea I was greatly disappointed.

It was natural to suppose that the modification of a constitution, by a nearly despotic monarch, whereby his own power would be greatly contracted, would, even under Napoleon's circumstances, be considered one of the measures best calculated to propitiate a long-trammelled population. But, in fact, the thing assumed no such character. The spectacle seemed, indeed, of the utmost value to the Parisians, but the Constitution of little, if any. They had never possessed any regular Constitution, and, I really think, had no settled or digested ideas upon the subject.

The extraordinary splendor of the preparations for this ceremony, and the admixture of civil and military pomp, were to me very interesting. The temporary buildings thrown up for the occasion might, it is true, be denominated tawdry; yet, strangely enough, there is no other people except the French who can deck out such gewgaws with anything like corresponding taste and effect.

The scene was on an imense scale. In an inconceivably short time, and almost as if by the effect of magic, a sort of amphitheatre was constructed in front of the Hotel des Invalides, and which was of magnitude sufficient to contain about fifteen thousand persons. In the center arose an altar, similar to those provided, in ancient sacrifices, for the sacred fire to descend upon; and at the altar Cardinal Cambaceres presided. A great proportion of the front of the hospital was covered with crimson velvet, and the imperial throne was placed on the platform of the first story, facing the altar: around it were seats for the princes.

Napoleon well knew the great importance of leaving a strong impression on the public feeling. His posting from the coast to the Tuileries without interruption was the most extraordinary event in history, ancient or modern; but it was not immediately followed up by any unusual circumstance, or any very splendid spectacle, to rouse or gratify Parisian volatility. The retired official life of the Emperor after his return (necessarily absorbed in business day and night) had altogether excited little or no stir and still less expression of public feeling, in the metropolis; in fact, the Parisians did not seem to feel so much interest about the state of affairs as they would have done upon the most unimportant occurrences. They make light of everything except their pleasure, which always was and always will be the god of Paris; and never was any deity more universally and devoutly worshipped. The king's flight to Ghent

was then as little thought of or regarded as if he had gone to St. Cloud; and Napoleon's arrival made as little stir as Louis' departure. But the Emperor was now about to go to battle; was well aware of the treachery which surrounded him, and that on his success or discomfiture depended its explosion. He determined, therefore, as he had not time to counteract, to dissemble; and I have no doubt that to this circumstance alone Fouche knew he owed his existence. The month preceding Napoleon's departure from Paris, he became thoroughly acquainted with the intrigues of his minister; and I firmly believe that each was determined on the destruction of the other upon the feasible opportunity, as the only means of securing himself. I do believe that Fouche would not have survived Bonaparte's successful return more than four-and-twenty hours, and I equally believe that Fouche had actually meditated, and made some progress in providing for, Napoleon's assassination.

I should tire myself and readers were I to describe the almost boyish anxiety which I felt when the firing of the ordnance announced the first movement of the Emperor from the Tuileries to the Champ de Mars. I shall leave to the supposition of the reader the impression I received from the passing of the cortege. Let him picture to himself an immense army pouring along the spacious quays of Paris, in battalions and squadrons—the enthusiasm of the soldiers, the bright cuirasses, the multitude of waving plumes—the magnificence of the marshals and their staff: these, set off by the glowing sun, combined to implant in the mind of a person unaccustomed to such a sight the idea of almost certain victory.

On this day he commanded the twelve mayors of Paris to appear in their carriages of ceremony; and, to do them justice, they wore gilt and were caparisoned as finely as time and circumstances could admit. Bonapart himself sat alone, in a stage-coach, with glass all 'round it. His feathers bowed deeply over his face, and consequently little more than the lower parts of it were quite uncovered. Whoever has marked the countenance of Napoleon must admit it to have been one of the most expressive ever created. When I say this, I beg to be understood as distinguishing it entirely from what is generally called an expressive countenance—namely, one involuntarily and candidly proclaiming the feelings whereby its proprietor is actuated: the smile, or the look of scorn—the blush, or the tear, serving not unfrequently to communicate matters which the lips would have kept secret. Though that species of expressive countenance may be commonly admired, it is often inconvenient, and would be perfectly unbefitting a king, a courtier, a gambler, an embassador, or, in short, a man in any station of life which renders it incumbent on him to keep his countenance. The lower portion of Bonaparte's face (as I have mentioned in speaking of my first glance at it) was the finest I think I ever saw, and peculiarly calculated to set the feelings of others on speculation, without giving any decided intimation of his own. On the day of the promulgation it occurred to me, and to my family likewise, as we saw him pass slowly under our window, that the unparalleled splendor of the scene failed in arousing him from that deep dejection which had apparently seized him ever since his return to Paris, and which doubtless arose from a consciousness of his critical situation, and the hollow ground whereon he trod. There was ill-timed languor in his general look: he smiled not, and took but little notice of any surrounding object. He appeared, in fact, loaded with some presentiment—confined, however, to himself; for, of all possible events, his

approaching and sudden fate was last, I believe, in the contemplation of any person among that prodigious assembly. I apprehend the intelligence of Murat's defeat in Italy had reached him about that time.

Two marshals rode on each side of Napoleon's coach, and his three brothers occupied the next: I thought these men all appeared cheerful; at any rate, no evil presentiments were visible in their countenances.

After the Emperor had passed, my interest diminished. I was absorbed by reflection, and my mind was painfully diverted to the probable result of the impending contest, which would most likely plunge into a gory and crowded grave thousands of the gay and sparkling warriors who, full of the principle of life and activity, had that moment passed before me.

The crowds in the Champ de Mars; the firing of the artillery; the spirited bustle of the entire scene; and the return of the same cortege after the Constitution had been proclaimed, left me in a state of absolute languor—every fresh idea supplanting its predecessor in my mind; and when I returned to my hotel, it required more than a single bottle of Chateau Margot to restore the serenity of my over-excited nerves.

The rejoicings which followed the promulgation of the Constitution were in a style of which I had no previous conception. I have already observed, and every person who has been much on the continent will bear me out in the remark, that no people are so very adroit at embellishment as the French. Our carpenters, paper-hangers, etc., know no more about Parisian embellishments than our plain cooks do of the hundred and twenty-six modes of dressing a fresh egg, whereof every French cuisinier is perfectly master.

Many temporary stands had been erected in the Champs d'Elysee, whence to toss out all pieces of provisions to the populace. Hams, turkeys, sausages, etc., etc., were to be had in abundance by scrambling for them. A number of temporary theatres were constructed, and games started throughout the green. Quadrilles and waltzes were practised everywhere around: all species of music—singing—juggling—in fine, everything that could stamp the period of the Emperor's departure on the minds of the people, were ordered to be put in requisition; and a scene of enjoyment ensued which, notwithstanding the bustle necessarily attendant, was conducted with the politeness and decorum of a drawing-room; with much more, indeed, than prevails at most of our public assemblies. No pick-pockets were heard of; no disputes of any description arose; the very lowest orders of the French canaille appear on such occasions cleanly dressed, and their very nature renders them polite and courteous to each other. They make way with respect for any woman, even from a duchess to a beggar-woman.

Stretching across the whole of the Place Louis Quinze, was a transparent painting of Napoleon's return from Elba,—the mimic ship being of equal dimensions with the real one. Napoleon appeared on the deck, and the entire effect was most impressive.

The rejoicings concluded with a display of fireworks—a species of entertainment, by-the-by, wherein I never delighted. It commenced with a flight of five thousand rockets, of various colors, and was terminated by the ascent of a balloon loaded with every species of fireworks, which, bursting high in the air, illuminated with overpowering blaze the whole atmosphere. By midnight, all, like an "unsubstantial pageant," had faded, leaving the ill-starred Emperor to pursue his route to partial victory, final defeat, and ruin.

One remark in conclusion—it was

really extraordinary to witness the political apathy wherein the entire population, save the military, was bound. Scarce a single expression or indication of party feeling escaped in any direction. All seemed bent on pleasure, and on pleasure alone: careless whether the opportunity for its indulgence were afforded them by Napoleon or Louis — by preparations for peace or war—by the establishment of despotism or liberty. They were, I sincerely believe, absolutely weary of politics, and inclined to view any suggestion of that nature with emotions of bitterness. At all times, indeed, the Parisians prefer pleasure to serious speculation; and the wisest king of France will ever be that one who contrives to keep his good citizens "constantly amused."

THE END.

Memory

John Joseph Scott

One walks with me along the dreary aisles,
That wind through leas where golden sunbeams rest,
And wreathes the garden of my soul in smiles,
As I trudge on, a pilgrim, toward the West.

One points the way along the lonely road,
And over dales where twinkling heavens shine;
One helps me bear the burdens of my load,
By whisp'ring of the days that once were mine.

When fretted by each monotone of care,
And soul-perplexed at ruthless Fate's decree,
One seems to come from out the gloom somewhere,
To glorify a Past that used to be.

Georgia's New School Law

IN the words of James C. Boykin, editor of the United States Bureau of Education, Georgia occupies a leading place among the States in its record of educational progress accomplished for the year 1911. Within this period it has passed a school code which compares most advantageously with any other similar legislation; it has subjected its teaching force to a uniform standard of efficiency tests; it has provided for the abolishment of weak schools by directing that they may be combined into a smaller number of strong ones, to which the pupils are to be carried by transportation furnished by the State. The following extracts relating to Georgia's remarkable achievements in education, accomplished during the twelvemonth just ended, are taken from Mr. Boykin's monograph, "Educational Legislation in 1911," which will be published for free distribution in a few days by the United States Bureau of Education.

"The new law of Georgia is indeed entitled 'An act to revise the school laws of the State of Georgia,' and in its importance to the State it is worthy of rank with any law that has been enacted within the decade; but it is limited in its scope and can scarcely be rated as a code comparable with that of Pennsylvania.

"The agitation for a reform of the school system of Georgia has extended over the past five years, and the State Teachers' Association, the Conference of Education in the South, and the Association of County School Commissioners have all had a conspicuous part in it. Repeatedly within that time bills in the interest of the schools have failed of passage by the Legislature, apparently because the public sentiment of the State had not sufficiently crystalized in favor of progressive action; but in every instance it was evident that the efforts made were producing good results, and that the public-school system was growing rapidly in popular favor.

"The legislative session of 1911 saw the final success of the movement, and a bill was passed which incorporated all the essential improvements desired by the educational organizations and gave to Georgia a school system that will compare favorably in its structure with any State school organization in the country. The new law is a model of brevity and of clearness; it contains only twenty-four short paragraphs, and they leave little opportunity for misunderstanding.

"Its provisions do not apply to cities containing over 100,000 inhabitants (Atlanta only), or to certain county districts, and it does not interfere with the many specially incorporated local systems, except in relation to the licensing of teachers; but it will reach beneficially the schools that are in the greatest need of improvement, namely, those in rural communities.

"The State Board of Education, formerly a group of State officials, is now a professional body of importance. They will formulate rules and regulations and prescribe courses of study and a list of textbooks for the use of all common and high schools receiving State aid, but they may in their discretion modify the State courses and book list to meet the peculiar needs of individual localities.

"The Board of Education will be the final court of appeals in all contraversies relating to the schools; they must provide teachers' institutes in each county and may compel the attendance of all teachers; they must provide for the examination and licensing of teachers, and no person may teach in any school in the State without a license granted under the authority of the board. The board, however, may delegate to local municipal authorities the right to license teachers and may

revoke such delegation if the local system should fail to maintain a high standard.

"The office of State School Commissioner is superseded by that of State Superintendent of Schools, and the authority and salary of the office are increased. County boards of education are retained, with enlarged powers; the professional qualifications of county superintendents (title changed from county school commissioners) are raised and their minimum compensation is fixed at $600 per annum."

Regarding the attitude taken by Georgia, in common with a number of other progressive States, upon the question of uniformity in the methods of examining school teachers for certificates of professional competence, Mr. Boykin says:

"Experience has shown that, on the whole, the best results are reached with centralization in the matter of certificating teachers. Formerly the county superintendents or other local officers were usually charged with that duty, but the results were not satisfactory. The certificates were not all of equal value, and the credentials of one county could not be utilized in another. An attempt was made to remedy the evil by causing the questions for all examinations to be prepared by a central agency, generally in the office of the State superintendent.

"This was an improvement, but it was still not sufficient, for the grading of the paper was done according to varying ideals of perfection. The plan now generally accepted as the most efficient is to place the entire matter in the control of the State officers—either the board of education, the superintendent of public instruction, or a board of examiners under the supervision of the State superintendent.

"By this plan the questions are prepared by the central authority and are forwarded to the proper county superintendent. The papers are written in the presence of that officer and are then forwarded to the central authority and duly rated. Successful applicants receive appropriate certificates signed by State officers, and may teach in the grades or schools specified in any county in which their certificates are properly registered.

"Substantially this plan is followed in many of the States, and during the year it was adopted in Georgia, Oregon, Missouri, Texas, New Hampshire, Nevada and North Dakota, and in Massachusetts, so far as State-aided high schools are concerned."

With centralization of the administrative functions in Georgia's school system, coupled with a centralization of the power to pass upon the professional ability of its teachers, there has likewise gone on a corresponding centralization of the school themselves. The tendency has steadily progressed to reduce the number of schools by consolidating the weak units into a smaller number of strong ones; and, as Mr. Boykin views this movement, the consolidation of schools may have the important result of ultimately leading to the consolidation of school districts. On this point Mr. Boykin says:

"The 'school wagon' has had profound influence upon rural school organization and conditions whose extent is already difficult to estimate, and it is evident that that influence has scarcely more than had its beginning.

"The consolidation of schools leads untimately, if not immediately, to consolidation of districts. The previous organization is not necessarily abandoned, when a small school is discontinued, and it often, if not usually, happens that the small districts are continued for a time. But with their purpose gone, there is no reason for their existence, and complete consolidation is the logical outcome.

"The tendency in legislation is toward immediate dissolution of the component districts when consolidation is effected, but is not always so, and in many States the trustees of a small

school may, of their own motion, close that school and transport the children to a school in an adjoining district after making an arrangement to that end with the trustees of the other district.

"On the contrary, complete reorganization is contemplated by laws passed during the year in Georgia, Oklahoma, Kansas, Minnesota and Wisconsin. All these require that free transportation shall be furnished to all children living more than a specified distance from the schoolhouse."

The Inconsistencies of American Divorce Laws

Everett Spring

MANY years ago, the late Senator Hale introduced a joint resolution, proposing an amendment to the United States Constitution, as follows:

> "The Congress, as the highest law-making power of a Christian nation, shall have exclusive power to regulate marriage and divorce in the several States, territories and the District of Columbia."

This resolution never became effective. It was buried in the pigeon-hole of some committee, but it was a practical step in the right direction. It is highly desirable that the present conflicting laws should be harmonized, and this cannot be done except by conferring upon Congress the power to regulate and control the matter, as suggested in the resolution of Senator Hale. Nothing so weakens our respect for law, shakes our faith in any distinction between right and wrong, as the knowledge that what is permitted in one State is forbidden by the laws of another State. A uniform divorce law would do away with the scandalous and demoralizing complications growing out of our present system. The passage of a constitutional amendment giving authority to Congress to enact a uniform marriage and divorce law would receive the approval of all friends of morality, and of the home life, which is based upon it.

A brief survey of some of the statutory provisions of the different States will convince any person of the necessity of some radical and sweeping reformation. In all of the States an absolute divorce is granted for adultery, with the single exception of South Carolina, which has no divorce laws, but there is a diversity in the States as to the number of times this act must be committed, some States holding that the commission of one offense is sufficient, and others requiring that the parties must be actually living in that illegal State. Alabama, Arkansas, Iowa and some other States grant an absolute divorce for abandonment or wilful desertion, but there is no uniformity as to the period of desertion before action can be commenced. In Arizona six-months' desertion is sufficient. In Arkansas and some other States one year is required. Alabama makes two years necessary. Connecticut three years, and Virginia and other States five years. Conviction and imprisonment for crime is a cause for divorce in all of the States except Florida, Maryland, New Jersey, New York and South Carolina, but with conflicting limitations. In some States the only requisite is an indictment found, others requiring a conviction and imprison-

ment to follow. Even the duration of the imprisonment varies in different States, some requiring two years, and from that up to seven years, and some hold that if the confinement is in the House of Corrections, it is enough, while a few States hold to the necessity of imprisonment in the State's prison. In some States the conviction must be after marriage, while a directly contrary rule prevails in others. It is often the case that one law obtains in a State and just over the border an opposite doctrine is established. With regard to "cruel treatment," one jurisdiction holds any cruel treatment sufficient ground for divorce and an adjoining States requires extreme cruelty and inhuman treatment sufficient to endanger life. The length of time that the cruel treatment must continue is only six days in one State, up to six months in another, and still another State holds that the commission of one act of cruelty is ample ground for a dissolution of the marriage contract. In Missouri drunkenness is a good ground for divorce, while Texas holds that even habitual drunkenness is not a sufficient ground.

Aside from these specifications, there exists in some States vague and uncertain grounds for divorce, such as husband notoriously immoral before marriage unknown to wife; fugitive from justice; gross misbeheavior or wickedness; any gross neglect of duty; refusal of wife to remove into the State; mental incapacity at time of marriage; three years with any religious society that believes the marriage relation unlawful; parties cannot live in peace and union; vagrancy of the husband; conduct defeating the purposes of the marital relations; when the court thinks it is improper and indiscreet for the parties to continue to live together; and when the parties declare that they cannot live with each other.

The legal remedies and proceedings for the obtaining of the divorce present the same conflicting and inharmonious spectacle. Delaware and Louisiana have no statutory provisions as to residence. One State does not require previous residence; one but 20 days; seven States require six months; twenty-seven States require one year; six States two years. Connecticut, New Jersey and Massachusetts (if when married both parties were residents, otherwise five years), three years. One State simply requires that the applicant for divorce express a wish to become a resident, whether he ever sets foot in the State or not.

The property rights of the parties to divorce proceedings are differently affected in different States. In some, only personal property of the wife is restored to her; in others both real and personal, and still in others, only enough for her support and maintenance.

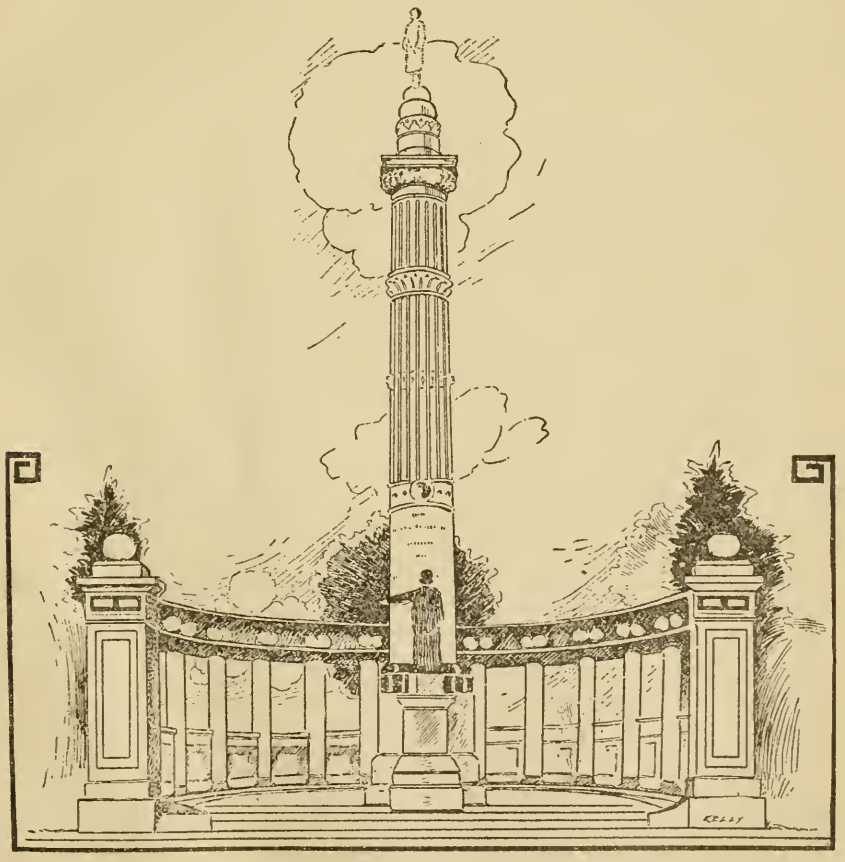
Owing to the present unjust system, or lack of system, of divorce legislation, a man obtaining a decree valid in one State, and not recognized as valid by the laws of another State, may marry again, and his marriage be valid in the State where contracted, and, perhaps, in the contiguous State he will be considered a bigamist, and his children illegitimate.

These are a few of the existing inconsistencies. Such conflicting statutes and decisions cast a strain and reproach upon our system of jurisprudence. They constitute an extraordinary combination of deceit and fraud.

The number of divorces obtained yearly is appalling. Even in States where divorce laws are stringent the daily papers teem with reports of divorce proceedings. The total number of divorces granted in the United States during 20 years, from 1887 to 1906, inclusive, was 945,625, or about 47,280. Statistics show that the normal rate of increase of divorce in each five-year period from 1887 to 1906, was 30 per cent. There was a larger percentage of increase in the number of divorces, in the decade ending in 1906,

than in increase of population during the same period, the percentages of increase being, for divorce 66.6, and for population 20.7.

If there was one uniform system of divorce laws prevailing throughout the United States the present gross frauds and impositions would be eradicated, and fewer divorces obtained. Such a system cannot be obtained by a convocation of Governors of the different States, with a view of recommending action by State Legislatures. There are many things to prevent. Usage, custom, local traditions, the jealousy of one State toward its sister State, would retard and prevent successful effort in that direction. It is easier and more practical to obtain a constitutional amendment. It would not be a very far cry from the regulation of bankruptcy proceedings to the regulation of divorce proceedings. Grant that power to Congress, and the present disgraceful and conflicting system would be superseded by one more in consonance with justice and sound morality.



A Series of Open Letters to His Eminence, Cardinal James Gibbons

No. 2

Your Eminence:

THE newspapers announce that our mutual old friend, Cardinal Farley, has had made, for his use, an ornate "Throne." This elegant and imposing new Throne is portable. It is to accompany old brother Farley on all his "progresses." It is to be placed in conspicuous places; and will be occupied by our mutual old friend when he condescends to appear at reviews, military masses, Eucharistic congresses, Thanksgiving services, High Mass, and so forth.

For instance, at a recent review, in New York, Cardinal Farley appeared enthroned on his Throne, taking precedence of Mayor Gaynor, who had been shot into a condition of abject fear of Rome.

Cardinal Gibbons, did you have any hand in the shooting of Gaynor?

Will you please tell us the name of the priest who was on the deck of the vessel, and who pointed out Gaynor to Gallagher?

Gallagher is a Roman Catholic: Gaynor is an apostate from the same "faith." Then, it was justifiable to kill him—wasn't, it, Cardinal?

That is what Gallagher and the priest had been taught.

All about New York, that day, when wild rumors were flying that Gaynor had been killed, *your* people, Cardinal, were loudly exclaiming, "*He ought to have been killed!*

The priest was sent to the ship, to await Gallagher, and to point out the intended victim to the would-be assassin. Gallagher did not know the Mayor by sight; and it was necessary to have some one on hand to designate him. *Nobody but a priest* could be trusted to do this. And a priest was chosen *whom Gallagher did not know.* His garb and his crucifix would acquaint Gallagher with the man who was to aid him in the murder.

The priest did not know Gallagher. He was told to place himself, conspicuously, on the deck: and that a man would come to him, and inquire, "*Which is Gaynor?*"

The priest was to mark out the apostate, Gallagher was to shoot him, and both assassins were to escape in the confusion that would follow. The priest *did* escape and Gallagher came near doing so.

Who was the priest, Cardinal?

Why has his name been shrouded in mystery? If his participation in the business was innocent and casual, why has his name been kept such a profound secret?

Cardinal, in the City of New York —and in many others—your people have been battening on the public moneys. Your parochial schools, *in which incipient treason is stamped upon the brains of the young*, are being supported on the taxes paid by non-Catholics. The Jew, the Protestant, the Free-thinker and the Socialist are compelled to maintain your schools.

Gaynor was one of the few children thus reared who outgrew your childish, but terrible superstitions. Gaynor became a candidate for Mayor. The priests preached against him. They denounced him as an apostate who deserved death.

Gaynor was elected. He declared his purpose to have school conditions in New York investigated and reformed.

Then your people plotted against his life.

Was Farley in the plot?

Almost certainly, he was. Had he not been educated to believe that apostates ought to be killed? He *does* believe it: and so do you, Cardinal Gibbons. *Don't you?*

Gallagher had been discharged from city employment. Gaynor knew nothing of it, or of the man himself; but here was an ideal instrument to use in "removing" the Mayor. He was crack-brained, excitable, fearless and desperate.

He could be *told* that Gaynor had ordered his dismissal. He could be *told* that Gaynor had refused to reinstate him. He could be *told* that Gaynor, who had left *him* unemployed and destitute, was about to take an expensive voyage of ease, idleness and enjoyment.

Then he could be equipped with the best improved revolver, and ordered to do bloody work for Holy Church. To kill the apostate who was about to attack "the holy ones of God," would be a sublime act of filial devotion, which would assure to Gallagher a martyr's crown and reward.

Thus, fanatics have been sent to stab, poison and shoot, ever since Popes began to be Christs on earth—mundane representatives of Him who touched no wound, save to heal it; who made none himself; and whose advent was besung in the angelic heraldry of—

"*Peace* on earth and *good will* toward men."

Gallagher shot Gaynor down and shot at him, again and again. Only by a hair's breath, did the Mayor escape. There chanced to be at hand a courageous man whose bodily strength overmatched that of the frenzied Gallagher—who fought like a wild beast, but was conquered.

Tried and convicted, he was sentenced to the penitentiary; but is now in the hospital, the half-way station to release on probation.

But he made a convert out of Gaynor. The Mayor is meek enough now. He doesn't want to be shot any more. Once was enough. He no longer obstructs Tammany. He longer resists Murphy. He no longer threatens to close the aqueducts that lead public moneys to Romanist schools and charities. And when the Finance Committee voted an appropriation of $17,000, to be used in the investigation of the schools, Gaynor interposed his veto.

Cardinal, has Gaynor returned to the "bosom" of Mother Church? You not only scared him out of his intention to cut off your unlawful revenues, but I believe that you have scared that poor pinchbeck reformer back into your communion.

* * *

Pardon this lengthy digression: We will now get back to Thrones. Of course, I ought to spell the word with a small "t," but it is something so novel for we Americans to see American citizens raised to the nobility of a foreign potentate, and to see them seated on thrones, that you really must excuse me for using a capital "T."

I don't mean any harm by it, Your Eminence.

But, somehow or other, the idea of our mutual old friend Farley having a portable Throne made, so that he can travel about the country with it, tickles me, all over.

Chinese noblemen take their coffins along, when they go upon their journeys, and we think it very strange and grewsome.

When an Englishman puts his bathtub in his luggage before leaving his native shores, we consider him fantastically eccentric.

But if King George, or King Alfonso, or the Emperor William should carry their thrones around their realms, as they moved from city to city, we

would suspect that they were demented.

Therefore, when an American citizen who has been made a Prince by a foreign potentate, has a *portable* throne made, so that it may accompany him, on his goings to and fro, we have to bat our eyes rapidly, to keep from giggling.

Let us imagine Farley ordering his effects packed for a journey: let us suppose that his lackeys have reported that all is ready. Out of natural anxiety, he will then make a few inquiries, such as—

Q. "Have you selected my finest chemise?"

A. "Yes, Your Eminence."

Q. "Have you chosen my softest petticoat?"

A. "Yes, Your Eminence."

Q. "The red hat that cost me a cool $10,000?"

A. "Certainly, Your Eminence."

Q. "Have you put in a plentiful supply of the rice wafers, out of which I will make God, for us all to eat?"

A. "Of course, Your Eminence."

Q. "And the wine which we will change to Christ's blood and then drink?"

A. "Indeed, yes, Your Eminence."

Q. "And my new Throne?"

A. "How could Your Eminence doubt it?"

Farley: "Then we are ready: let us go, and enjoy the obeisances, prostrations and felicitations of the Faithful."

Cardinal Gibbons, have you ordered *your* portable Throne?

Has O'Connell ordered his?

By the time you three comedians—yourself, Farley and O'Connell—parade yourselves around the country a few times, exhibiting your pride, your wealth, your fondness for pomp and splendor, *your determination to be recognized as Princes*, democratic America will rouse itself, *and put you down HARD!*

Don't you doubt it, Cardinal.

We men who wear breeches and who OPENLY live with women, don't intend to be ruled by Italians and Irishmen, who wear petticoats, and who SECRETLY live with women.

Put that in your pipe and smoke it, Cardinal!

Already, your editors are saying that when one of you Cardinals visit one of our war-vessels, you should be received with a salute from the cannon, and a presentation of arms by the marines.

Already, it is claimed that you Cardinals must take precedence of Governors of States, at public functions and banquets.

Already, it is being said that you should be accorded, in this country, the same honors that are paid to royal princes, in Europe.

What does all this mean, Cardinal?

First, a recognized order of nobility and then a King—is that it, Cardinal?

You are preparing to familiarize the American people with titles and with the insignia of royalty. If one variety of Prince can be introduced, why not another?

If one sort of throne can be made acceptable, why not another?

Your Papa has no love for republics, Cardinal. He believes in Divine Right, in hereditary succession to thrones, and in union of Church and State—in which union the Church shall be on top.

You have already put your church above one American State. In New Jersey, its Governor, Woodrow Wilson, recently approved a bill which henceforth deprives the State of the right to unite a man and woman as husband and wife.

Thus, *civil marriage is abolished in New Jersey.* The church is above the State, and in New Jersey the church is the Roman Catholic.

Even in Italy, civil marriage is obligatory. Church marriage alone is not sufficient.

The present Premier of Italy is a

Protestant—as the Mayor of Rome is a Jew—and this Premier is endeavoring to so change the law that the civil marriage shall be performed *first*.

In Catholic France the civil marriage is sufficient. So, in other Romanist countries. But in New Jersey, Governor Woodrow Wilson has put the finishing touch to the law which abolishes civil marriage in an American State.

No wonder the Romanists voted for him at the big cities of Georgia, in the May primary. But we roused the Protestants of the country counties, and inflicted a crushing defeat upon this betrayer of his State.

Were he President, he and his Jesuit secretary, and the Jesuit Chief Justice might do for the whole nation what was done to New Jersey.

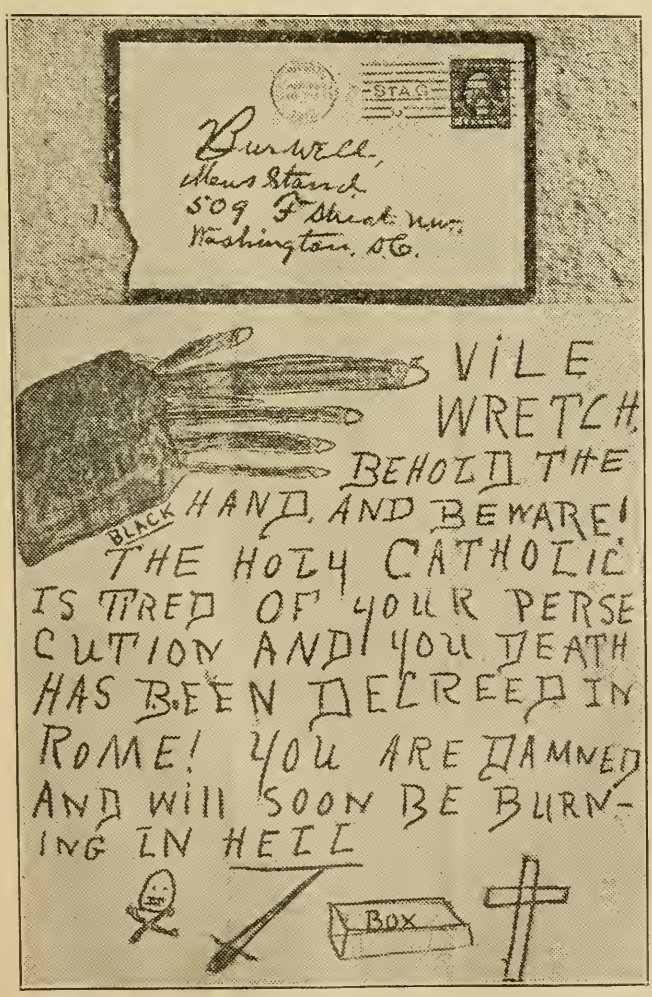
Cardinal, pray excuse me for an abrupt change of subject:

You and Farley caused the American News Company and the Washington News Company to boycott this magazine.

You meek imitators of Christ announced your intention of putting *Watson's Magazine* "out of business."

That was many months ago.

Instead of becoming alarmed, I took the aggressive, so managed that a Jeffersonian news-stand is handling my hot tomales, and other tomales equally fervid.



Your people in Washington dare not openly attack us. Your priests, there, are yelpers, but they are cowards.

They have tried to scare the man in charge of the Jeffersonian news-stand.

How?

By mailing him Black-hand post-cards. Here is a cut, made from one:

Now, Cardinal, you'd better leave that young man, Burwell, alone. He is conducting a legitimate business, and you have no right to interfere with it, or him.

If any further efforts are made by your crowd to ruin my business, I can, and will, make reprisals on you, here in Georgia.

Au revoir, mon Prince.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"The Men and Religious Forward Movement"

C. Whitely Mullen

IT is surely matter for regret that there appears to be a sharp conflict of opinion as to the merits of this movement, as displayed by the various writers on the subject, among these being several ministers of one of the smaller branches of our great Protestant communion. The fact of this difference of view points to one of two conclusions, either to some grave defect in the movement itself or to misconception on the part of some of the writers as to its character and scope. It ought not to be a useless or invidious task, therefore, to determine, if possible, which of these is the correct conclusion.

The Men and Religion Forward Movement is heralded by a five-fold message or appeal to the public, and especially to that section of the public which recognizes the claims of religion, namely the churches. The five points of this message are:

First: A call for Bible study and the restoration of family worship—referred to as "the pivot of the whole business."

Second: The duty of personal evangelism.

Third: The duty of the church in regard to missions.

Fourth: Social service.

Fifth: Work among boys.

On its face and as far as it goes such a program must commend itself to all who accept the Bible as a revelation from God, binding upon the consciences and lives of men, or even to such as believe in its beneficent influence as a whole. It behooves one to be careful in offering any criticism of a movement whose basis and motive power are derived from such a source. Wholesale censure or criticism is out of the question. The only error or defect, if any there be, must lie either in the practical application of the program, or in the lack of some strain which ought to be supplied if full effect is to be given to an otherwise admirable scheme for the social and religious advancement of the commonwealth. A careful consideration of the subject has convinced the present writer that in both these respects there exists sufficient ground for controversy and trouble.

Before considering in detail the message as above, I will give two quotations having an important bearing on the question at issue. The first of these is from Mr. Guy Carleton, Secretary of the movement, who in his introduction to "Men and Religion" says:

"This movement involves that peculiar and well-nigh unique kind of cooperation whereby each one, in reaping his own harvest for Christ, fulfilling his own responsibility and doing his own work, will be doing at the same time exactly what the plans for this movement requires him to do. The faithful Roman Cathoic, for instance, will sacrifice none of his principles, and may follow implicitly the teaching of his church by working even harder to bring all men with whom he is brought into contact, within the power of the Gospel of Jesus Christ as set forth in the services of His church, and in doing this he will be carrying out to the fullest degree the aim of the Men and Religion Forward Movement."

The second quotation is from Mr. Fred B. Smith, the campaign leader, who is on record as saying to the students of Kansas City Veterinary College:

"Don't be afraid to let religion move you deeply. Whether you are a Jew or Catholic or Protestant, stand by your principles. The biggest men in

history were profoundly moved by religion. It will help you in your fight for character to follow a great leader. Next to Jesus Christ, my ideal of a leader is Phillips Brooks."

Taking the items of the program as they stand, let us now see how these work out on the basis just indicated. It might be supposed that no professing Christian could consistently take exception to call Number One. The fact is, however, that an immense majority of the adherents of the Church of Rome are debarred, and practically all are discouraged, by the highest authority of their church, from studying or even possessing the word of God. The Council of Trent (Sess. IV.) decreed that if anyone without a license presume to read or keep by him translations of the Scriptures made even by Catholic writers, he should not be capable of receiving absolution, unless he first give up the Bible to the Ordinary. Since its promulgation that decree has been reinforced by at least two "infallible" Popes.. Pius VII, in a Bull issued in 1816, denounced the circulation of the Scriptures as "a crafty device, by which the very foundations of religion are undermined; a pestilence which must be remedied and abolished; a defilement of the faith eminently dangerous to souls," etc. Pius IX in his Syllabus termed Bible Societies pests equally with socialism, communism and secre societies. So pronounced, indeed, is the hostility of the Church of Rome to the very idea of free Bible study that the letter addressed by Cardinal Gibbons last week to the Republican Club of New York, in which he appears to commend the practice, must like other receent utterances of the Cardinal, have been prompted by political considerations. In common parlance the Cardinal is "bluffing." Small wonder, then, that the Church of Rome is reported as refusing to recognize or affiliate with this movement. The question arises why, in view of Rome's well known attitude on this matter, should her co-operation have been sought?

The second call of the message, emphasizing the duty of personal evangelism, also commands a ready assent, that is if by evangelism is meant the winning of men to Christ and salvation not necessarily by preaching in the commonly accepted sense of the word, but by the witness of a godly and consistent life, thereby "adorning the doctrine of God our Savior in all things."

The third call relates to the duty of the church in the matter of missions. Subject to the all-imoprtant condition that such missions shall be truly Christian there can be no controversy or lack of cordial response to this call also. Need it be said, however, that Jewish missions, if any such there be, cannot be included in that category? The Jew simply rejects Christ, and would naturally regard it as an insult and indignity to be included within the pale of the Christian Church. The same remark must apply to Unitarian missions. The position of the Unitarian (in all charity be it said) has always impressed the writer as being more inconsistent and illogical than that of the Jew, for the reason that the former, while professing faith in Christ, repudiates the fundamental doctrines of His divinity. Either Jesus Christ was what He claimed to be, according to the only authentic records which have come down down to us,—namely God incarnate—or else He was indeed the imposter which the Jew claims that He was.

As to Roman Catholic missions, it may be said that if the blood of the reformers and martyrs who freed us from Rome's domination and deadly superstitions (as we have hitherto regarded them) was shed in a mistaken cause; if the Jesuit Fathers, whose zeal and missionary labors are so highly commended by one of the writers above referred to, and who will indeed "com-

pass sea and land to make one proselyte," only to prove themselves and their fruitage such obnoxious and undesirable members of any community that the whole order has been at one time or other expelled from every nation of Europe, and even from such heathen nations as Japan; and if it is false that "To receive jesuits into a Kingdome is to receive a Vermine which at length will knaw out the heart of the State both spiritual and temporal." (See "The Jesuit's Catechisme"—1602;) that on the contrary these are to be rated as honest men, true servants of God and ambassadors of Jesus Christ: if, moreover, the divine exhortation to "Come out of her my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins and that ye receive not of her plagues," has ceased to have any binding force upon the enlightened Christian conscience, then and then only can Roman Catholic missions be characterized as Christian in anything but the mere name.

Judging from the systematic and persistent efforts of many so-called Protestants in these days to fraternize and affiliate with the system of religion in question, no doubt all the above mentioned conditions will readily be conceded by such; but here let it be said, as on a former occasion, that the only safe, consistent, Scriptural and legitimate attitude for any Protestant church to maintain towards the apostate Church of Rome is that of a Christian missionary; and the moment that attitude gives place to one of fraternal co-operation and Christian fellowship the first and most important step towards apostasy from the true faith of the Gospel has already been taken; and that step will in all probability be followed by others.

As to the two last items of the program no word of comment seems necessary.

In a word, then, fellowship and co-operation among men on a religious basis must have its limitations, and these, as applicable to the case in point, are clearly laid down in the New Testament. John, "the apostle of love," writes in his second epistle "Many deceivers are entered into the world, who confess not that Jesus Christ (the Savior Messiah) is come in the flesh. This is a deceiver and an anti-Christ. If there come any unto you and bring not this doctrine, receive him not into your house, neither bid him God-speed, for he that biddeth him God-speed is partaker of his evil deeds." (II John 7—II: also I John II, 23.) Reference is here made to "doctrine;" and it is also worthy of special note that our Lord's complaint against most of the delinquent churches of Asia was that they tolerated false teachers and their doctrines. Be it remembered that the person here speaking is the same Jesus Christ who trod the streets of Jerusalem and preached the Sermon on the Mount: and, furthermore, that the seven churches of Asia are to be taken as representative of the various phases of the church militant on earth in post-Apostolic times. This surely has an important bearing upon present day laxity in the church in the matter of doctrinal standards. Is it too much to say that soundness in the faith is commonly esteemed of so little importance as to suggest a doubt as to whether any doctrine of the Christian faith is to be held as essential to salvation? Only let a man be sincere in his belief, be that belief what it may, and fairly correct in his conduct and deportment, and he is as sure of Heaven as the next man, whoever he may be. Such appears to be the sum total of the average man's religious creed in these days. Verily, if Dr. Barnett should care to add another to his somewhat extended list of prevailing delinquencies in the domain of morals and religion it might well be the deplorable ignorance and gullibility of—we will not say the average citizen but—the ordinary church mem-

ber in regard to most of the distinctive doctrines of the Christian faith. Incidentally, I would here remark that in referring to "the hallowed footsteps of William Ewart Gladstone," Dr. Barnett possibly overlooked the fact that that statesman by his peculiar and anti-Protestant ecclesiastical policy when prime minister did more than any two other men of his time to promote the Romeward movement in the Church of England. All or nearly all of Gladstone's appointees to the higher offices in the church were either of the Ritualistic or extreme Latitudinarian type. Mr. Gladstone was thus primarily responsible for the secession of the Reformed Episcopal Church, to which Dr. Barnett belongs, from the main body. Does Dr. Barnett consider *that* a sufficient cause for gratitude to Gladstone?

The gravamen of the charge against the promoters of the Men and Religion Movement is that so far as its doctrinal side is concerned it is a pot pourri of nearly all the creeds extant. Without admitting that the charge has been established, I venture the assertion that no adequate repudiation of that charge has yet appeared, and that having regard to prevailing conditions and the trend of the times such a disclaimer is inperatively called for. No amount of special pleading, brilliant or otherwise, will make good this defect or atone for the lack of such an assurance. The Gospel of Christ is at once the most exclusive and the most all-embracing message the eternal God could send or mortal man receive—exclusive of all falsehood, error, shams and counterfeits, and inclusive of every child of man who accepts its terms. Is is not true that the Church of Rome reverses this order by propagating every kind of error and imposture, on the one hand, and by refusing to recognize any movement for the uplift of mankind of which she is not the author and leader, on the other; even giong so far as to condemn and anathematize all who refuse to yield assent to her claims? By the law of Christ she is ipso facto placed outside the pale of His Church.

Doubtless it is not the Christian man's duty to be forever waging war on heretics and non-Christians. The injunction to as far as possible "live peaceably with all men," and others of a like import, must ever be borne in mind. We gladly recognize the obligation imposed by an inspired Apostle when he said "Whatsoever things are true,honourable, just, pure, lovely, of good report; if there be any virtue and if there be any praise think on these things." There is a wide difference, however, between rendering obedience to such exhortations and offering the right hand of Christian fellowship to all who call themselves by the name of Christ, regardless of their motives, tenets or affiliations. We claim, moreover, that there are exceptionally grave and urgent considerations, demanding that a clear, ringing note of warning shall be sounded at the present juncture.

We all know that there has been another movement in progress in the Protestant (?) Episcopal Church for several decades past, a movement which if unchecked, bids fair to absorb that church in the apostate Romish system. As indicating the progress which this movement has made and the extent to which Jesuitry has intrenched itself in the P. E. Church, we have just been treated to the spectacle of a "priest" of the diocese of New York undertaking not only to restore the Mass and other mediaeval rites and observances adjured at the Reformation, but to formally excommunicate an active member and ex-vestryman of his church on the charge of "brawling," because, forsooth, the said member is party to an action for recovering the church property from the hands of this traitor and usurper of the pastoral office. Bishop Greer's apparent apathy and failure to deal with this clerical delinquent as justice demands is anything but reassuring as to the probability of a recov-

ery from the deplorably lapsed condition into which this branch of the Protestant church has sunk.

Be it noted, as further proof of the progress this latter movement is making, that a so-called "Christian Unity Foundation" has been inaugurated under the auspices of leading bishops and clergy, the avowed purpose of which is "To promote Christian unity at home and throughout the world." Special prominence is given to the Church of Rome as the foremost and numerically the largest of the Christian bodies in the United States, not a word being said as to the apostate character of that Communion. The sum total of this Unity Foundation Movement appears to be that the P. E. Church, one of the smaller denominations of the country, has assumed the role of intermediary to bring all into a happy fraternal combine, her left hand being extended seriatim to all the Protestant bodies, while her right hand is firmly clasped by her "Sister of the Roman Obedience." The whole affair savors so unmistakably of Jesuit plotting that it is fervently to be hoped and prayed that none of the other denominations will suffer themselves to be caught in this trap at least.

If further evidence be needed as to the truly lamentable departure of this church from her own standards, I would call attention to the fact that the great and good work of the late Pastor O'Connor, editor of the "Converted Catholic" and himself an ex-priest of Rome, in bringing thousands of deluded votaries (including some 160 priests) out of that enslaving system into the light and liberty of the Gospel, has been taken up and is now being continued not by any member of this truly Laodicean church, but by a bishop and presbyter of the comparatively small body of Christian people whose loyalty to truth and Reformation principles resulted in their being virtually driven out of the older body. Could there, I ask, be a greater scandal and reproach to any church bearing the name which still hangs—loosely enough, doubtless—to this straying member of the family? Truly the purposes of the Men and Religion Movement, so far as this particular church is concerned, bid fair to be eminently satisfactory to one man at least. Need it be said who that man is? Should the Church of Rome be indeed brought into official relations with this movement, and success from the papal standpoint be achieved, can it be doubted for a moment that this would mean the triumph of a grand Jesuitical scheme to entrap and subvert the Protestant churches? One thing may be held as certain—America has much to learn which the nations of Europe have been taught by bitter experience, as to the wiles and stratagems of the Order of Ignatius Loyola.

Yes, forward by all means let it be, but under whose command? Let Christ Himself give the word and we will gladly obey, whether to victory or to death. If He were here in person what would his message be to the church as a whole in America? Would it not be about as follows: "I know thy works, and thy love and faith and ministry and patience, and that thy last works are more than the first. But I have this against thee, that thou sufferest the woman Jezebel, who calleth herself a prophetess; and she teacheth and seduceth my servants to commit fornication and to eat things sacrificed to idols. And I gave her time that she should repent, and she willeth not to repent of her fornication. Has she not had ample time and opportunity since the Reformation period to repent and forsake her evil ways, but has she done so? And are not her lovers—France, Italy, Portugal and other nations—even now eating her flesh and making her desolate and naked, according to my word? This ought ye to have done—exclude Jezebel, the harlot church—and not to leave the other undone—preach my Gospel to every creature." (See Rev. II, 19, etc.; XVII, 16, etc.)

Just One More Teenie, Tinesie Talk on Foreign Missions

(1) AT enormous expense, we are fighting Roman Catholicism, *in Roman Catholic countries.*

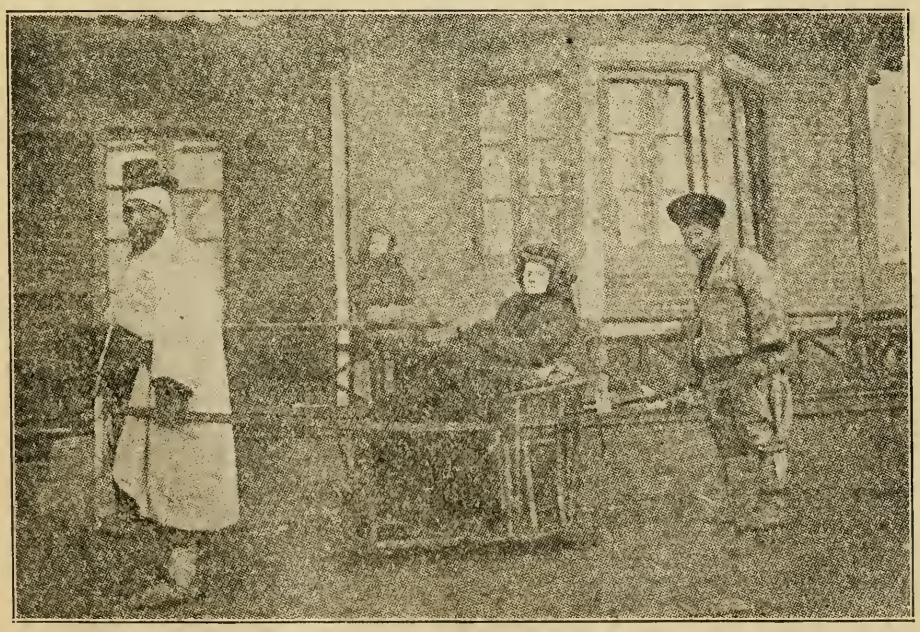
Why not call in those Missionaries, and fight Roman Catholicism, *in the United States?*

It is vastly more important to Christianity and to civil liberty, *to save this land of free speech*, than it is to "redeem" Central and South America from the paganism and despotism of Rome.

(2) The following passage occurs in *Electric Messages*, a Missionary organ published in Japan:

And a Grave Crises

Once again it is a crisis time in these heathen lands. Only last week I read that in the University of Tokyo there are some 5,000 students. I was astonished at the classification of these students accordng to religious views. It confirmed a report that I had heard that the old interest in missions and sympathy of missions is dying out, and that because the harvest had not been gathered when it was ripe it was rotting, and the people sinking their heathenism for infidelity. This was the table. Of the 5,000 students, 6 were Confucianists, 60 Christians, 300 Buddhists, 1,000 atheists, and the remaining 3,600 agnostics. What an astounding statement from the centre of culture in the new Japan! Only 300 standing for the old religion of the East and 4,600 either infidels or agnostics! They have heard the Gospel. At least they have had a gleaning of their harvest, but perhaps we have missed our opportunity in Japan, and the nations are drinking in the infidelity of Europe and America, and the Higher Criticism and rationalism



Missionary lady. Enjoying an airing.

of the West. That is what constitutes this missionary emergency.

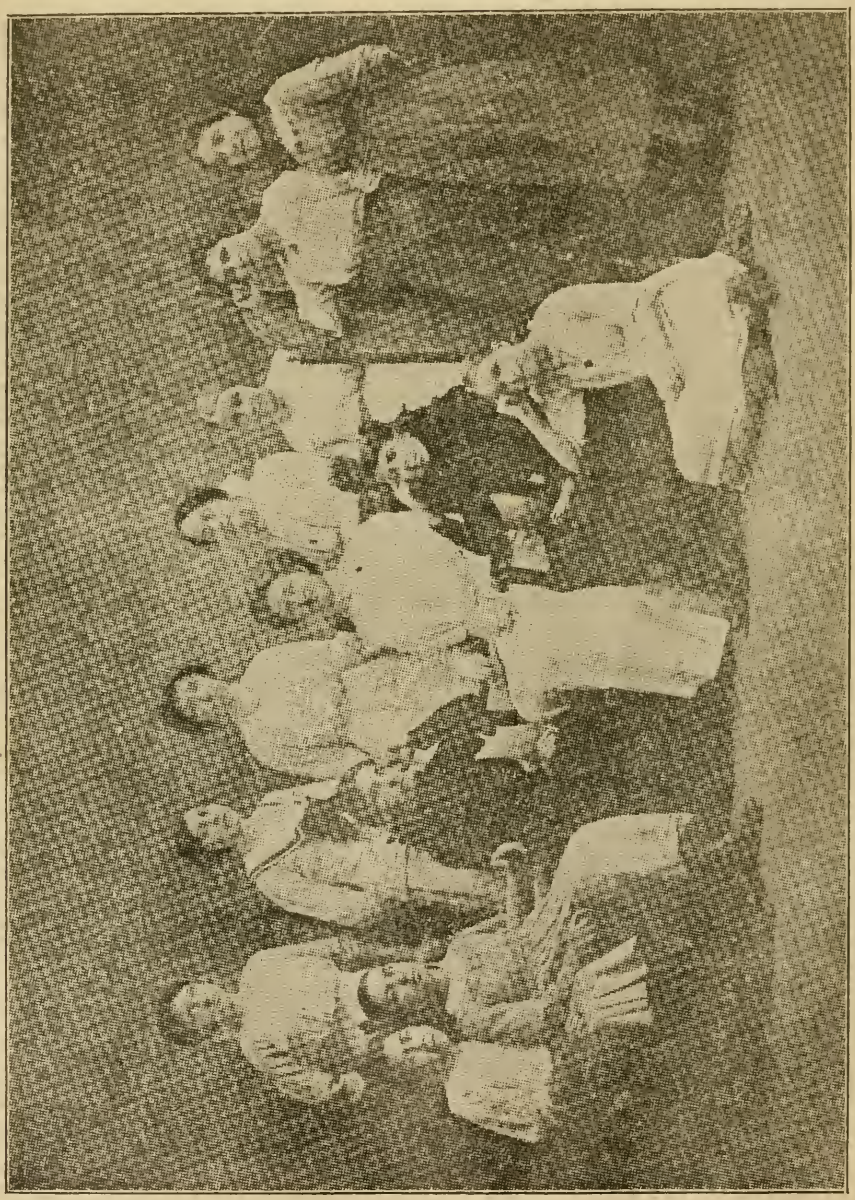
Yes; there is always "a crisis" in these foreign fields. As far back as you can trace missionary literature, you can trace this "crisis."

This missionary "crisis" is twin-brother to the Steel Trust's Japanese war-scare.

This missionary "crisis" has its origin in the same hunger for "More."

This perpetual, antiquated, and warranted-to-stay-hitched "crisis," pursues us wherever we read in missionary letters, papers and magazines.

A good old moss-back, gray-headed crisis, is this perpetual-motion, moving-picture, hydraulic-ram missionary "crisis."



Group of Missionaries. Look well—don't they?

Here of late, it is becoming painfully acute. Unless we feed it with ducats, right away, I am afraid that

Missionary girls, who ought to be at work in our own country.

some of the winners of souls may fling up their jobs.

(3) You have heard much plaintive oratory on the subject of missionary hardships. You have heard how they leave their "loved ones," and pine for the home land, and languish amid privations, in distant "fields."

You have been asked to weep out

Missionaries and native workers, out for a ride.

your contributions to the "cause"—said cause embracing a tender care for the rotten teeth and afflicted bodies, and untortured minds and hands of 800,000,000 heathen.

To convince you that the Foreign

Missionary, about to take a horse-back ride.

Missionary is a well fed and well dressed individual, I am presenting to your thoughtful consideration the pictures of some of these much-enduring bipeds.

They themselves had these photographs taken. They themselves sent these photographs to this country, for reproduction in missionary magazines.

Surgery in a missionary hospital. Two Surgeons and four attendants.

Please regard those missionaries carefully.

See how prosperous they appear.

See how they travel.

Did you ever put your eyes on faces that express so much self-satisfaction, complacency and commonplace smugness?

Is there a single face, among them all, that shows the slightest evangelical zeal?

(4) Our home preachers are the

Missionary lady, out on a pleasure ride.

Missionaries, elegantly at tea.

pack-mules of this unscriptural method of missionary work in foreign fields.

The "Boards" are all highly paid. The editors are well paid. The foreign missionary is so well paid that he lives in luxury and keeps a house-ful of servants.

The home preacher is poorly paid:

They are on your pay-roll. "Native workers." You have 98,000 of them hired.

and his wife and daughter have to do the house-hold drudgery.

I wonder that the home preacher tamely submits to the "Boards" and to the subsidized editors.

(5) Our people are maintaining abroad thousands of schools, hospitals, physicians, dentists, trained nurses and dispensers of free medicines. Every dollar spent that way, is needed here at home.

She is on your pay-roll. Native worker.

Typical group of American children. We have millions of them.

The King's Image

Walter E. Grogan

(Author of "The Dregs of Wrath," "The King's Sceptre," "The Curse of the Fultons," etc.)

I KNEW him at once. He was grayer, he was grimmer, he was more than ever like a man of granite, hard and immobile, but I knew him. The sight of him gravely unfolding his table napkin and covering his thin knees at luncheon in the little hotel set my thoughts back over ten years. I was then a lad of sixteen. I had seen him constantly in the queer medieval streets of Tsalburg, the little capital of Ertaria in the Balkans. Gray and grim, he was then the General Commandant of the army, the iron right hand of the Wolf King Peter XII. He was grayer and grimmer now, but undoubtedly the man. For a while I racked my memory for his name. It came suddenly. General Hartzel! Undoubtedly the man.

The *Times* supplied me with many conjectures. The senile old King was dead; his heir, the Prince Paul, had lived his own life in Europe incognito, and the heir was not forthcoming. Rumor said he was in Paris.

For three days I watched the General. He knew no one at the hotel, he spoke to no one, but I saw him more than once in earnest conversation with a young man about my own age, about my own height, about my own color, but—for the sake of my own vanity—alike in no other particular. This was—the information was easily come by—the Comte de Troisetoilles, a young Frenchman of position, now considerably taken with the beautiful singer, Mlle. Aimee Bergeaux. That was the story noised about, and in proof thereof her little steam yacht rode in the harbor, he was constantly with her, and a rumor was essential to the place. A companion, large, fat, unmistakably German and delightfully placid cast a broad, complacent smile of propriety over the romance.

My General, I noted, snarled at the soprano for whose smiles princes competed. He was thorough, was my General, dear man of stone. Venus herself would have been baffled by him. But he spoke earnestly and vehemently to the Count, he who was so taciturn.

On the evening of the third day I met my General on the south cliff by the absurd little fort. There was a streak of smoke on the horizon. He was shaking a fist at it, a violent, tempestuous fist.

I have been a prey to sudden impulses all my life. I had maintained an Englishman's reserve for three days. I broke it suddenly on the cliff. I accosted the General in Ertarian.

"You are disturbed, General Hartzel," I said.

He wheeled round surprisingly. His astonishment grew when he saw me, the silent companion of his luncheons.

"Monsieur speaks Ertarian," he said.

"A little," I answered modestly, yet with inward elation. To surprise a man of granite! Elation was surely pardonable.

"As a native," he continued. I bowed. "It is wonderful! Are you Ertarian?"

"No," I replied.

"No," he echoed with regret. "You are English. I saw you smoke a pipe. But you know my real name? I am Captain Schneidlitz here."

I laughed. "Pardon me, General, I have been amusing myself with your surprise. My father was British Minister at Tsalburg for many years. As a boy I spent my holidays there. Hence my accent."

"Your name is—?" he demanded.

"Havensea," I answered.

"Then your father is——?"

"Exactly. I am now the head of my family. It is a large family, General. I have tens of aunts; my cousins are limitless. I pass an uneasy life trying to evade them and my unnecessary title. It is difficult—please respect my incognito as I respect yours, Captain Schneidlitz."

"You dislike your title?" he asked eagerly.

"The coronet has given me a headache of the soul. You don't know how terrible a British title is. It is a mere lever for opening bazaars, a free ticket to everybody's dinners."

"You object to yourself?" His question, the question of the man of granite, was tremulous with excitement.

"Pardon me," I answered; "not to myself—but to the impossibility of being myself. I am an English peer. I have not even the picturesqueness of poverty. You do not understand. In Ertaria they do not hold flower shows. I do not object to myself—I object to Lord Havensea."

The General looked round anxiously. A wide-breeched soldier was walking toward the fort; a white-stringed bonnet was going home. Seaward the streak of smoke blackened the eye of the sun. The sight of that caused the man of granite to swear solemnly in Ertarian—a language admitting a wide choice of expression to a man oppressed with a sense of wrong.

"I will reply to your first question," he said. He spoke in a low voice. He was under some strong emotion. "I am disturbed. That little streak of smoke dissolving out there represents my hopes dissipated, evaporated. My hopes are the hopes of Ertaria. We are a small country, but we are proud."

"A country's pride invariably compensates for lack of acres."

"It is a jest to you," he said sadly. I had expected him to be angry at my flippant remark. The sadness of his voice slipped past my guard. Here at last I had found a man who could feel.

"Your pardon, General," I said more soberly than I had previously spoken. "The pride of Ertaria I know, rests upon an unstained national honor."

"If you believed that!" he cried.

"I do," I answered stoutly. "Frankly you are all absurd, but it is a glorious absurdity. Small, hemmed in by enemies, you have kept an independence, noble and untainted, for seven hundred years."

"You believe it! Why not?" he cried excitedly. "Your father, the dear Lord Havensea, loved us. He was our friend. His representations at St. Jame's saved us once. You inherited his love. We are in peril now."

"Ah," said I, "the lost heir."

"He is out there under that streak of smoke."

"He was the Comte de Troisetoilles?"

"Yes. The French singer in Russian. You understand?"

"Kidnapped! Scratch a French soprano and you will find a Russian. My General!" I was indeed sorry for him. He was honest, was this man of granite. He loved his country. And Prince Paul— "Royal robes should cover men, not flattered fools."

"You understand. The great game is lost. I love Ertaria as I love nothing else. I would pour out my blood willingly for her. That would be nothing. I have been the guardian of her honor. That was everything. And now the hand of the greedy Bear is stretched out for it. And it is lost. At east five minutes ago I said it was lost. But now you—you can save it—the great name, the honor of Ertaria, the independence, the life-blood!"

"I! My dear General, I am a tried English peer recovering from a surfeit of municipal and parochial addresses."

"You—only you. You are an Englishman, you speak Ertarian, you resemble the Prince Paul somewhat;

he is unknown in Ertaria. You are out of love with your own identity; you long for something else, for some other life——"

"My dear General, speak out the whole of your madness."

"Come, Lord Havensea, and hold the throne!"

I was staggered, astounded. For a moment I watched the smoke becoming thinner and thinner. Suddenly it seemed to pop out. It was of course a trick of the imagination.

"You are an Englishman—therefore you have courage."

It was transcendent flattery. A throne!

"It is madness, my General," I said. His eyes sparkled.

"It is the madness we love," he said softly. "And it is for the country, my country. The poor fool will come back. Don't let it be too late. Keep the throne for him—and for us, for the Ertarian children unborn that they be not born the slaves of the Muscovite. You have read the history of Poland?"

"It is folly, but—" I commenced.

"The train starts tonight, my Prince, at eleven. The West Station. I will make all things ready." The General looked out at the winking sun. The real Prince was kidnapped, but in his dire need Fate had tossed him a pseudo one.

It was the wildest of folly, of course, but once seriously embarked upon, it was remarkable how smoothly it ran. I returned to the hotel, paid my bill, sent my valet home to England, and met the General at the station. I entered the first-class compartment a private English gentleman—even my poor little title left in the custody of my lawyers in Ely Place—and across the Ertarian frontier I stepped out Paul V.

We alighted at a small station. There were three of four anxious-looking men on its slender platform. They were dressed in the frock coat of ceremony. One man only was conspicuous in a gorgeous uniform. It reminded me of my own Havensea livery. I was preparing to be royally gracious to him when Hartzel whispered he was the station-master. It was a brilliant morning; the sun lay on the white caps of the mountain pass and glistened; big butterflies painted the field; the air was clear, rarified. I was in excellent sprits.

The General watched the absurd little engine puff its way onward. Then he turned to me, took off his hat, knelt and kissed my hand. The spectacle of my man of granite kneeling, his honest, ugly face disfigured by emotion, struck me strangely.

"To my God, my Country and my King are my life and my honor dedicated," he said, the quaint old formula of allegiance in Ertaria. The frock coats went through the same performance. It lacked the earnestness of the General and had a note of anxiety. They looked as though they were expecting a troop of Cossacks over the edge of the pass and were nervous. But the ceremony marked a step in the game. Until then I was in a transition state. I was no longer Lord Havensea, but I had not yet become King until I had stepped out of my uncomfortable compartment into a kingdom.

"Gentlemen," I said in their own picturesque tongue, "you are the first of my subjects to welcome me. Not as King will I speak to you now, but as a fellow-worker, for my heart also is dedicated to God and Ertaria."

That struck some spark into their dull faces.

"Seven centuries of liberty are in our hands," said I. "The dead fathers of Ertaria have given us this heritage. It is that which I come to preserve—in peace if God wills, but if not, the history of Ertaria tells us how to act."

Bombast if you will, but it brought life, valor, strength into their faces.

As for the man of granite, his eyes

flashed. Ten minutes more and we were galloping up the white ribbon of a road toward Tsalburg, embarked upon as mad a mission as was ever enacted in this Balkan basin of mad missions. Our frock-coated friends remained behind. I kissed each on his scrubby cheek, and told him to guard our frontier. They swore to this with tears in their eyes.

"Well," said I, "we have played the first act of the farce."

"You have done well," my mentor replied. "But this is no farce. It is a perilous game to play."

"You did not tell me so before, General. A spice of danger gives it a zest."

"You speak like a soldier."

"I was a soldier—that was before I became a peer and was a personage. Shall I pass muster? Will they perceive I am no King? Will the people be with me?"

"Keep a brave heart and that will carry you through. The Russian Minister, of course, will know you are an impostor."

"The deuce he will!"

"You must bluff him."

"And four weeks ago I received the freedom of an English town from a successful grocer! Hartzel, my blood races! Here are romance, adventure! I am your debtor for life!"

"That debt may be liquidated at any moment," he said grimly. For a minute his old face softened, and then it was as hard as ever. I knew that some touch of remorse had stabbed him. The game was nothing to me; he was staking my life for a cause in which I had no concern. Then came the thought of his country. No life mattered then.

That night we lay in a small town, and I was shown secretly to a few of the towns chief men; and the next night we slept in the General's house at Tsalburg. The rumor of my coming circulated furiously. At eleven o'clock, when I was preparing to rest, tired with my long journey, a mob assembled in the square outside and sang the national anthem for an hour or so. Hartzel harrangued them from the balcony. I was fatigued. I could not be disturbed, but on the morrow their King would meet them. That was the purport of his speech. The national anthem broke out again, and presently, with the poetical inspiration of the nation, they sang a legendary serenade.

Hartzel came to my room and sat on the edge of my bed. I was nearly dead with fatigue, but he was inexorable.

"Tomorrow will see the crucial test of our scheme, so you must listen. There are two factions in Ertaria. In the late King's reign I kept the Tertourgkis in abeyance."

"The Tertourgkis!" I cried, memory stirring me. "They had some fued with the reigning family and—and there was a daughter."

"You remember?" he said. "Prince Tertourgki is an old man. His wealth and his lands go to this daughter, his only child. She is very beautiful."

"She was a beautiful child, dark and serene as night."

"The Prince has claims to the throne. He is the descendant of the Tertourgkis, who reigned in the fifteenth century. They were despots, and a revolution set the Borros on the throne. The Prince has never abrogated his claim. There is a second cousin——"

"My General, the rest is easy to decipher. The second cousin has aspirations for the hand of the Princess Marie; he is the puppet of the Russians; the Tertourgkis' influence is great; we fear the loyalty of the army; we must deal quickly with the second cousin."

"You are quick at guessing," the General answered slowly. You know——"

"On my word, nothing—nothing but the name of the Princess Marie. When the world was younger, General, there

was a large garden and a young schoolboy—he thought himself a man—and a little child and flowers. Together they made a happy time. The sun was always shining. The little child worshipped the big schoolboy—and he graciously permitted it."

"Your father's house! Ah, well, you know something, but not all. As the King lay dying I—I arranged a marriage between the Princess Marie and the absent Paul."

I sat up in bed.

"The Prince Paul!" I exclaimed.

"The Prince Paul," he assented stolidly. "He consented. The Prince looked kindly upon it; the Princess would not give a definite answer. When the Prince arrived, she said, she would give him her answer personally."

"This is your engagement?" I asked.

"It was a diplomatic stroke," he said.

"You took an unwarrantable liberty," I cried warmly. "Why was I not told of this before?'

"Because you would not have come."

"And now?"

"Now it is different. You are caught in the toils."

"It is an unwarrantable liberty! You have engaged me matrimonially without any reference to my feelings."

"I have engaged Prince Paul."

"Who am I?"

"Who you are for the present. My dear Havensea, you do not consider my position."

"You have had precious little consideration for mine!"

"It is not yours. You are an actor playing a role. In a short while you will make a graceful bow and exit."

"I am not at all sure that it will be graceful."

"As you will. That does not matter at all. You play a part for a little while. They will not dare to keep the real Prince a prisoner for long."

"I am to cheat this girl?"

"What does it matter? It is a royal alliance—there are no considerations but that of policy. I do not propose to marry you to her."

"Thanks. That is considerate."

"My dear Havensea, you are perturbed. The Princess is to marry the Crown. She is piqued at the long delay of the Prince. There is no question of sentiment."

"Suppose there were?"

He looked at me curiously for a moment.

"That is a proposition I will not entertain," he answered.

"I will not do it!" I cried angrily.

"You will," he replied quietly. "You have already impersonated the King. Have you considered the consequences? I say nothing about you. You are a brave man. But you have already compromised many honest men —and one dishonest old man. We are only half civilized. That is part of our charm—at least to you. The people would be very angry. You would be killed!"

"By Jove, you are a pleasant philosopher!"

"To a brave man that may mean little—life is a mere stake. But the honest men and the dishonest old man would die also. You could not have my death upon your conscience!"

"You deserve it, my General; you deserve it, on my honor!"

"Possibly." He waved it aside resolutely as a matter of small consequence. "There is also Ertaria. Shall we grant that the Princess may not be happy? Then there is one woman unhappy and a nation free. Heavensea, you do not understand the stake for which we pay. It is not a crown, nor a woman's heart, but a nation's freedom. The heel of Russia bruises the very souls of men. Russia knouts a man's soul. Where is Poland today? It is a great game to save a nation from that curse."

The man of granite spoke soberly. There was no impassioned appeal. He spoke of facts. As a boy I knew something of this terror of Russia. This

rugged, hard man was a hero. He played his life not for advancement, but for the good of his country. My heart warmed to him. And, as he said, there was also Ertaria.

"I shall go through with it,General," I said at length. Our hands closed on that; in the winking light of a candle I saw his eyes glitter. He did not speak for a full minute. Then he muttered in a low voice, "If you were only a Borro!"

"It would have been fatiguing," I said. "I should have quarreled with you. There is not room on the throne for two men."

He laughed abruptly at that.

The next morning General Hartzel aroused me at an unearthly hour. He made me dress in a steel-corsletted uniform. It was exceedingly gorgeous and stiff with gold lace.

"It is the uniform of the Colonel of the Royal Guards," he told me.

"Promotion is rapid in Ertaria," I said. "I was an unconsidered subaltern in our Blues."

"The army is reviewed today on the Plain of Liberty," he said, "by Prince Tertourgki. He is regent during your absence."

"And the second cousin?"

"Is his aide-de-camp—Prince Otho. The Russian Minister will be there."

"And his august name?" I demanded.

"Baron Ivaniski."

"My dear General!" I cried. "There is a saying, 'The luck of the Havenseas.' The luck holds good. The Russian Bear shall dance, I promise you!"

"What does Your Majesty mean?"

"His Majesty knows a story, General, a pretty, ornate and most scandalous story. Ivaniski was an attache at Berlin when my uncle was Ambassador. It will be the only good turn Uncle John has ever done me."

For two mortal hours after a particularly disappointing breakfast—the General betrayed but an indifferent regard to cuisine—I was gracious to the peculiarly uninteresting big men of Tsalburg. I signed innumerable papers, and at a hint from the General kissed those worthy of the honor. It afforded them far more satisfaction than it did me.

At noon I mounted a black charger, and, accompanied only by the General, set out for the Plain of Liberty. Hartzel had misled—to use a euphemism—the populace as to my movements, so so that it was merely at odd whiles that I was called upon to acknowledge shouts of greeting.

The Plain of Liberty is a tableland upon the hill that rises above the town. From it Tsalburg can be seen spread out in picturesque confusion. It is a big plain, and its name is derived from the presence in its centre of a huge column surmounted by a figure of Liberty. On the base of this column are inscribed the names of the more or less traditional heroes who are popularly supposed to have engineered the independence of the country. This column has become a subject of sentimental worship with the nation.

On this plain were assembled the populace of Tsalburg to witness the review of the major part of the troops of the country, some fifteen thousand. Prince Tertourgki had selected a place near the column as a saluting base, and the troops, when we arrived, were drawn up in review order. The column stood, as it were, a huge, gray sentinel between the Prince and the troops.

"Some of the officers I could trust expect you!" the General cried. "Spur on to the troops. Now is our crisis. The Baron has tampered with some of the regiments, but to what extent I cannot say. If the troops receive you Ertaria is saved."

"Your true gambler risks all on a single throw!" I shouted, clapping spurs into my charger. It was a glorious gallop. My blood raced in my veins. My horse was maddened by the

touch of the spur. I thundered on down the level turf. I saw the stir of surprise in the populace. I caught a waver of ranks as the troops craned forward to see me come. Then a flash of inspiration came to me. As I raced by the column I suddenly drew rein, flinging my horse back on his haunches. For a moment he lay crouched backward, and in that moment I had raised my sword in salute of the column. Then the charger leaped forward, and I rode to the front of the troops.

Such a shout greeted me as I have never heard before. It roared about my ears like thunder. "Long live the King!" they cried, and the populace took up the words, "Long live the King!"

I raised my hand and there was silence.

"Comrade," I shouted, "we all alike serve under Liberty. The statue of our dead heroes watches over King and people." Again the air was rent.

I turned. General Hartzel, following me, had just cantered up. On his grim, granite face was a smile like wintry sunshine.

"General Hartzel," I cried, "you will march the troops past in review order!" Then I cantered over to the saluting base. I was King!

An old man in uniform was fidgeting about on a gray horse. At his side was a young officer, dark, almost swarthy, whispering eagerly. In a landau at the back sat a frock-coated gentleman with on order in his buttonhole. He had the broadness between the eyes of the Tartar. With him was the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. Out of her big black eyes shone the light of admiration. In a mist I saw again the small child in the garden, her wondering worship and the big English school boy.

"Prince," I cried, "will you do me the honor of taking the salute?" I spoke to him so as to force an answer. The unexpected compliment flustered him.

"Your Majesty," he faltered, "my usefulness is over."

"No," I replied, engineering my restive charger to the discomfiture of the second cousin, "we will work together for Ertaria, Prince." I held out my hand, and in a moment the white-haired old fellow was off his horse and kneeling, kissing my hand. How the populace roared aloud their pleasure! The bands crashed out the national anthems, ladies fluttered their scarfs, a whole forest of hats waved in the air. I was King, and apparently popular. It was an exhilarating feeling. I thought of the real Paul shut up in a satinwood cabin on board a kicking little steam yacht, and smiled.

The Prince and I took the salute; he reined in to a respectful distance. Afterward I was conducted to the landau. The Prince stayed a moment to speak to the second cousin. I rode up alone and dismounted.

"Have you no welcome for the King, Princess Marie?" I asked.

"You know me? My father told you?" Her voice was serene, low, like silver bells on a summer evening.

"No. The Prince has said nothing. But I knew that the Princess Marie was the most beautiful woman in Ertaria." She smiled at me. I met her smiling eyes. It was then I regretted that I was merely playing a part. The small child had grown into a wondrously beautiful woman. I know that from the moment my eyes met hers in that long look I loved her. Hers were eloquent also, so eloquent that she veiled them quickly with long, thick, black, curling lashes, and the rich color mounted to her cheek.

"But Your Majesty," the Russian's lips curled in a sneer, "has seen the Princess's photograph."

"One has no conception of sunlight from observation of the moon, Baron," I answered.

"And you are really the King, Paul V." His voice was challenging, his eyes were gleaming with anger. The elaborate and desperate project of kidnapping the Prince had failed at the very moment of its success. In his pocket, I thought, were the particulars of Paul's involuntary voyage, and yet here was a king to thwart all his plans.

"And you are really the Baron Ivaniski—of Berlin?" He grew white to the lips at the concealed threat in my voice.

"Of Berlin?" he faltered. "I have no connection with Berlin."

"Your memory is short, Baron. In November of '84 you were surely in Berlin. I believe, if I tried, I could persuade you of that. Lord Derwenthurst was a friend of mine."

"Ah, yes, I had forgotten," he muttered. I could have laughed at him, he had become so craven and so cringing. Uncle John had told me of the Baron and his gambling debts, and his attempt to sell a Russian secret to us. Uncle John was too honest for a diplomat. He refused, and extracted from the young attache a signed declaration of his treason. The alternative was that of forwarding the proposal to the Russian Ambassador.

Riding to the palace with my granite General, he expressed approval of my day's work.

"Ah, General," said I, "the public enthusiasm is stimulating. Not all the school children of my native town, bribed by oranges and buns, can shout like your honest people."

"And the Princess?" he asked anxiously.

"And the Princess is divine."

A week passed in a whirl of popular excitement. No one guessed; the Russian dared not speak openly. In any case I hardly think Russia would have avowed her kidnapping of the Prince. As it was, the Baron had too great a fear of the document he believed I held. On the second day the Princess gave me her answer. We were betrothed. Public joy expressed itself in gala nights at the Opera, in fireworks, in torchlight processions. And for me all the zest of the game I was playing departed. As I listened to Marie, as I learned from her own lips that she loved me, I realized bitterly the part I was playing. Not all the General's sophistries could disguise it from me. I was cheating her. And her trust was perfect. I writhed under her praise, I was tortured by the possession of her love, a possession which, come by honestly, I would have treasured beyond all else.

On the eighth day, the evening of the gala ball, my granite General came to my private chamber.

"The *Coquette* entered Trieste last night," he said harshly. I started. *Croquette* was the name of the soprano's yacht.

"Well?" I replied. We stared at each other. General Hartzel had been growing brusk and ill-humored with me. I think he guessed at the romance.

"The King will be here tomorrow night."

"Suppose I answer that by saying the King is here?"

"You will not do that. Your honor is engaged."

"You have been teaching me to do without honor."

"I must tell her tonight."

I rose. "You will not. I will tell her."

"You will seek to dissuade her!"

"I will tell her. It is my right, Hartzel."

"You promise——?"

"I promise nothing. Man, do you think I will slink out of this like a whipped cur? I have cheated. I will confess."

After the first ceremonial reception I slipped into the dark garden. My brain was hot. I wanted to feel the soft coolness of the night. In an ave-

nue I stumbled upon the Prince Otho and the Russian Baron. They barred my way.

"Imposter!" cried the Prince. The news had leaked out. The Russian knew and had told his friend.

I took off my glove and struck him in the face.

"After the fourth waltz," I said. There is a moon. In the walled garden. And gentlemen, whatever you may know, keep silence. Berlin will speak if you do."

I sought Hartzel. He was not difficult to find. He was dogging my steps like a spy. I told him of my meeting in the garden, and asked him to be my second.

"He is a good swordsman," he said. I think he was sorry.

"Then I sincerely hope the real Paul won't miss his train. To have the throne vacant again would be annoying."

"And you?" he asked.

"My dear General," I said, with a smile, "when a man is giving up a pearl of infinite value he does not care much for the tarnished gold of his own life."

The fourth waltz I danced with the Princess Marie.

"I wish to speak to you soberly, seriously, sedately, Marie. May I? Come to the little conservatory and sit out the thirteenth."

"It is an unlucky number."

"No number is unlucky that gives me your presence," I said lightly.

In the moonlight we stripped to our shirts. It was nearly as light as day.

"This is a mistake," my granite General said. He was thinking of the risk to his scheme and the ease with which both men could have been arrested.

"No, General. This may be reparation," I answered.

Prince Otho was an excellent swordsman. That I knew at once. His wrist was supple and strong as steel. We engaged and fought slowly, cautiously. He had a dangerous, wicked riposte which I guarded twice, more by luck than by skill. Undoubtedly he was my master. I smiled grimly at this. I was sorry, because I wished to speak to Marie. And yet, perhaps, this was a better way. Ah, a scratch! I had turned too late, and the sting in my shoulder told me I was hit.

"He is hit! It is enough!" cried General Hartzel.

"A mere scratch!" I answered hotly, and we engaged again. It was evident the Prince was waiting for an opening to kill. Two opportunities for serious wounds he passed. Then suddenly he made a quick lunge over my guard. I stepped back quickly; he could not recover his guard; he fell back. Hartzel leaned over him.

"That ends it," he said complacently. "Four weeks, at least, in bed. This is an accident, Baron."

The thirteenth dance. The lights were very low. There was the heavy, thick scent of gardenias. The Chinese lanterns swayed curiously. When I pulled myself together they were still. The wound pricked unpleasantly.

Marie came.

"This is most unorthodox, Your Majesty," she said mockingly. "Everyone is asking for you."

"Will you sit down, dear?" I spoke very slowly. In truth the pain in my arm was like a red-hot steel needle. She sobered quickly. I could not see very well. I think she went white. She sat down meekly. I could see her big eyes, only her eyes.

"Paul!" she breathed.

"I am not Paul," I said. "I am not King. I am only the King's image, a poor counterfeit."

"Paul!" she said again. Then she checked herself.

"He will be here tomorrow. My period of usefulness will be over. He

—he was kidnapped. I came—because I was bored, because there was some chance of adventure, because an old man pleaded for his country. Now it is all over—the King comes, the King's image is wanted no longer."

"Paul, I want you," she said in a low voice.

"I am not Paul. And—and, Marie, there is duty! A nation may groan under the tyranny of Russia unless—You understand, Marie. Our lives cannot always be ministers to our desires. We—we are caught in the toils; we can only obey, we can only do our duty, trusting that somehow it will be found good."

"For us?" she asked.

"For your people."

"You say that that is my duty, Paul?"

"Yes."

"And you love me?"

"And I love you," I answered. The lanterns were swinging madly now. Over their light was a new mist growing, growing. I bit my lip—but the throb of the wound was agony.

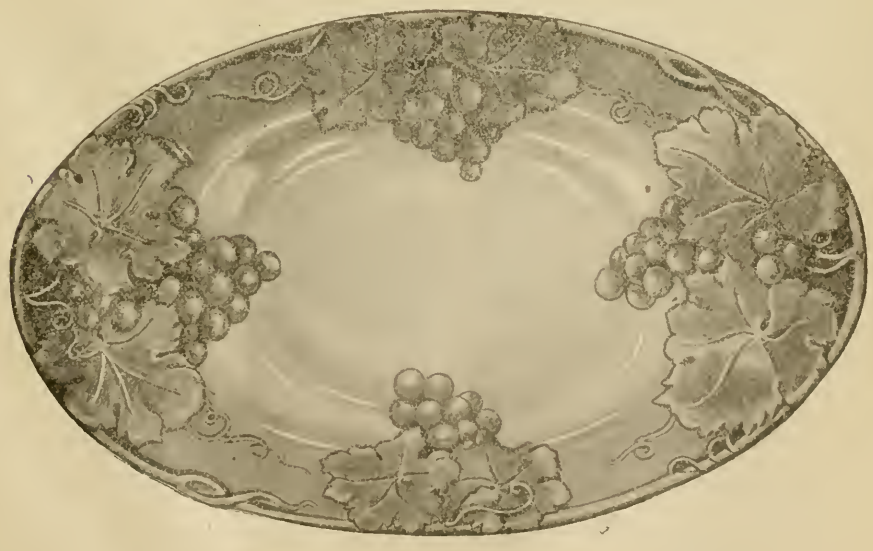
"I believe you, dear," she said simply. "It—it seems hard that—that so much should rest upon one poor girl. I think I know what—you mean. The people shall be happy though the Queen's heart break." She rose and came toward me. She caught me by my wounded shoulder and kissed me. And with all the agony of it that kiss I hold in my heart always as a dear memory.

When she went the lanterns whirled, the mist shut down on my eyes, and I fell. General Hartzel found me.

The next morning early, recovered of my swoon, I rode out of Tsalburg. General Hartzel rode with me a little way.

"If you had only been the real King," he said, with more feeling than I thought possible, "and not——"

"And not the King's image," I filled in. "It is a pity when the clay image has a living heart."



The Sinking of the Titanic

IN the book which is noticed in our "Review" department, Dr. Frederick Cook, says:

"In the idle times between observations, I went over to a new break between the field on which we were camped, and that on which Ah-we-lah guarded the dogs. Here the newly-formed sheets of ice slid over each other, as the great, ponderous fields stirred to and fro.

"*A peculiar noise like that of a crying child arose.*

"It came, seemingly, from everywhere, intermittently, in successive *crying spells.*

"Lying down, and putting my ears to the edge of the old ice, *I heard a distant, thundering noise, the reverberations of the moving, grinding pack, which by its wind-driven sweep, was drifting over unseen seas of mystery.*

"In an effort to locate *the cry*, I searched diligently along the lead. I came to a spot where two tiny pieces of ice served as a mouthpiece. About every fifteen seconds *there were two or three sharp, successive cries.*

"With the ice-axe I detached one. *The cries stopped; but other cries were heard further along the line.*

* * * *

"That tiny film of ice, which voiced the baby cries, *spreads the world's most irresistible power.* In its making we have the nucleus of the polar pack, *that great moving crust of the earth, which crushes SHIPS,*" etc.

While Nature was creating the iceberg, which came together with cries of anguish, Man was constructing the Titanic, which met the iceberg—and the cry of anguish was heard again, all round the world, and will be to the end of time.

In mid-ocean, where the cruel waters were two miles deep—in the midst of the silent sea, the icy sea, the insatible sea, the sea on whose bottom lies so many a skeleton wreck, the sea that has heard so many shrieks of despairing fear; the sea that has hugged to their death so many thousands of the old and the young, the brave and the fair, the ice-berg, which Nature had slowly launched, met the leviathan steamer, which Man had hastily launched; and when they met, the unearthly cries of anguish were not on the iceberg: they were on the gigantic ship.

No more will be heard the cries of terror from the ship: the cruel, fathomless waters long since silenced those pitiable cries.

If the iceberg ever voices another cry of pain, such as Doctor Cook heard in the vast dimness of the North, it may remind us of the knell that tolls its solemn tiding of death and infinite grief; and we may hear, again, in the midnight storm, those voices that talk to each other, as the rain falls, the wind howls, and the distant thunder rolls—reverberantly, sullenly, menacingly, overhead.

"Revolution in the Rural South"

(From the May number of Twentieth Century Magazine, with an introductory criticism)

EVERY locality has its industrial problem, and each section is willing to proffer its aid, sympathy and advice to whichever section it has pleased Providence or fate to send affliction.

We of the South, not long ago, wept, ejaculated and stormed, by turns, at the industrial war going on in Lawrence, Massachusetts. The Southern press literally frothed at the mouth and spared neither space to exploit "the latest from Lawrenceville," nor money for photographs and news.

And now, with neatness and dispatch "the North" has "got back" at us.

In the Twentieth Century Magazine for May, is an article by Charles W. Holman, editor of Farm and Ranch, a Texas publication, in which conditions are set forth, under the head "Revolution in the Rural South," which will amaze many a Southern "tenant farmer."

The article is illustrated, and one of these pictures shows a healthy man and wife, surrounded by a group of children ranging, apparently from five years to about twenty-one. There are three boys and seven girls in the group, all well dressed, all healthy looking, and the caption beneath the picture is: "the tenant force required to farm 110 acres of cotton and ten acres of corn." There is also a dog in the picture, and maybe conditions are so bad where his owner lives, he may have to pull a plow.

A careful perusal of the article would indicate that Texas only was in the writer's mind, and if conditions are as he says, then Texas had best call in some of her professional boosters and institute drastic reforms before inducing any more settlers to locate there.

It is an open question whether articles like this benefit any section of a country, but it is hardly fair to the balance of the South to be classed with Texas, as it is, under the heading, "Revolution in the Rural South." The article might, with great truth and force have been titled "Revolution needed in the Cotton Belt of Texas."

The opening of the article is a conversation between an old tenant-farmer and his wife. Those of us who live in Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, or the Carolinas would not recognize the "dialect" as belonging to the cotton-belt of the States mentioned, and, with this warning we reproduce the article, and the verdict of the South's "tenant farmer" will be waited with interest.

Of late years the economic shoe has pinched the Southern farmer. The pinch has been hardest for the renter, the tightening pressure of the order. The members of this class, kicking at the pricks of their common life, are imbibing intense hatred of the owning class, and making stronger efforts to unite among themselves to present a solid front against further encroachments of the owners.

This sentiment of discontent is widespread. It finds expression in racial antagonism to the negro as a cotton picker; in whitecap methods of whipping renters who have permitted landlords to raise the customary rents; in threats of burning landlords' buildings; and, but recently, in a renter killing his landlord as a result of disagreement over a rental contract. In some places, these demonstrations have delayed the attempt to raise rents; but, if the writer's diagnosis of the malady is correct, the delay is but temporary, and these outbreaks but skirmishes. Landlords throughout the Southwest

are determined to raise rents; tenants are just as determined against the change. Therefore, the latter part of the present summer and the fall months may witness troubles of a more serious nature.

Let us return to the renter's point of view. Here was an old man who had lost hope of bettering his condition; here was a man, naturally pious, who cursed whenever he mentioned landlord and tenant relations; here was a man who had reached the age in life when one naturally becomes conservative, yet he was ready to take an active part in a militant renters' organization which has socialism for its goal; furthermore, he voiced the thoughts and the feelings of many thousands throughout the South who till the soil on other men's farms; and all this, in a section that the world regards as the land of opportunity for the poor man. Across the fields were other renters' homes. They, too, were unpainted, dilapidated—not so good as the landlord's barn. In those homes lived white people not one whit better off than the family of the man who had spoken. The majority of them very likely would move to other farms before the year was out, and if so, their places would be taken by more of the same class.

"You see them people over yander?" The old renter pointed across the fields. "Some of 'em 'll live to see ruction in this country."

A stranger might wonder that the farmer-folk should suffer in a section that offers itself as a New Canaan to the settler. Let us clear up that paradox. What the real estate agent will tell you is mostly untrue. The Southern States do offer unparalleled natural resources; they have unexcelled facilities for diversified farming; they abound in native grasses, timber, good water, and all those things that go toward making life happy and people prosperous. But the South got started wrong. It began as a country for rich people, and it has continued as such. Only those who have been able to amass wealth benefit from the natural resources.

Looking at the situation squarely, we must admit that the South has been exploited rather than developed. Since the Civil War, the productive lands have been depleted by a pernicious one-crop system. Credit also has played its disastrous part, while the farming of lands by tenant labor has resulted in the devitalizing of the tenant class by over-working of children in environments not suited for the development of sturdy manhood.

Picture the South before the Civil War, when plantations had their owners' direct attention. Contrast that with the present, when the condition well-nigh approaches absentee landlordism. Then previse the possible transformation of a section should large tracts pass into the ownership of limited groups of capitalists, to be farmed with high-power machinery, under the control of expert agriculturists directing large bodies of unskilled labor. Some tenants foresee this; others do not. But all know that something is wrong, and they are trying to find out for themselves wherein the trouble lies.

The South is not alone in this drift toward tenancy; the whole nation reflects the same trend. In 1900, of all farms in the United States, 35.3 per cent were tenant farms; in 1910, the proportion of such had risen to 37.1 per cent. The Federal census man is a great disillusioner. Here is what he tels us about the geographical group of the cotton States called the South. Central division, comprising Kentucky, Tenessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas, Louisiana, Oklahoma, and Texas. This group of States leads the nation in tenancy gains.

In thirty years, tenant farms in these States have multiplied from 36.2 per cent of the total number to 51.7 per

cent: indeed, matters have come to such a pass, that large districts may be found where the proportion of tenant-operated farms run from 60 to 80 per cent. Many people think that the majority of the South's tenant population is made up of negroes. Such is not the case. On the contrary, the percentage of tenant farmers runs the highest in those districts known as "white men's sections." Such are the eastern parts of Oklahoma and the black lands of Texas. This last section comprises an area about two-thirds the size of the State of New York.

In four of these States we may find every phase of the rent problem as it affects the South. The four are Arkansas, Oklahoma, Louisiana, and Texas—a vast territory, as you will see if you look at the map. In 1880, the State of Arkansas pleaded guilty to 29,188 tenant farms, or 30.9 per sent of the total number in the commonwealth; but in 1910 there were 107,226, or exactly 50 per cent of the total number. During the last decade, the rate of increase of tenants, over farmers owning their own land, was thirteen to five.

From 1880 to 1910, the number of tenant farms in Louisiana increased from 17,006, or 35.2 per cent of all farms in the State, to 66.607, or 55.3 per cent of the whole number. In the last decade, the rate of tenant increase over that of farmers who own the farms they operate was three to two. This increase would undoubtedly have been much more in favor of the tenant if it had not been for the boll weevil disaster, which, beginning in Louisiana in 1905, continued for several years and spread a panic throughout the cotton-growing regions of the State. Negroes deserted the plantations by the thousands, and many landlords went bankrupt. Only in the last year or two have the delta planters begun to recover from their losses. But they are no longer wedded to the share tenant system. One may discover a tendency to run their plantations by wages labor.

Oklahoma's land tenure records are but ten years old; yet, in the period from 1900 to 1910 tenants increased from 47,250, or 43.8 per cent of the whole, to 104,137, or 54.8 per cent, while the rate of tenant increase over that of homeowning farmers was over two to one. In the eastern parts of the State, the proportion of tenants rarely runs lower than 60 per cent. This is largely because of the fact that the ownership of lands is still vested in the members of the Five Civilized Tribes of Indians. But the Indians do not benefit from their landlordship. A land speculator usually operates between the actual Indian owner and the white tenant. This speculator leases the land for as long a time as he can legally do so, paying the Indian a very small cash rent. He then subrents the land on shares to a white or negro tenant. Naturally, one will find the housing conditions of farm tenants in Oklahoma of a very low standard. And when the "restricted" lands of the Indians come upon the market, it is rarely the actual farmer who gets possession of them; the usual county seat ring being in a position to get to the Indian first. Hence, the rapid transition of Oklahoma from a virgin country to a commonwealth of landlords and tenants.

As to Texas, the land of the wide-brimmed hat and individual freedom, do we find there any better conditions? In 1880, Texas had 65,468 tenant farms. This was 37.6 per cent of all farms in the State. In 1910, the number had increased to 219,575, which made 53 per cent of all farms in the State. Ten years ago the proportion of tenants to land-owning farmers was half and half. But in the ten years following the opening of this century, the Lone Star State added 44.115 tenants and 20.354 farm owners to its population. Such is the record during a period

when Texas has been advertised over the nation as a country of cheap lands, and the immigration brought into the State by this means has been something enormous. During the same time land values in Texas have risen 204 per cent. But wherever lands has gone to the highest average price, we find the highest percentage of tenants farming the fields.

We may look upon these Southwestern States as exemplifying the general problem. They contain over 500,000 farm renters. With the exception of Louisiana, where the blacks outnumber the whites two to one, the negro is in the minority, constituting less than one-third of the total number. In Texas, known as a "white man's state," only 23 per cent of the tenants are negroes. One might think that the conditions of the negroes would be worse than those of the whites; but such is not the case. Economically, the white man is no better off than his black competitor. He lives in the same shell-like house; he farms about the same amount of land; and he makes about the same annual income.

And now two forces are working to make the tenant farmer dissatisfied with his lot:

1. The high cost to him of the commodities he must buy as against the low purchasing power of his cotton crop;

2. The inequality of his relations with his landlord, which has been impressed upon him by the arbitrary attempt to raise rents, and by the unprotected position he occupies before the courts of the land.

Hence, the possible "ruction" predicted by the old tenant, foregleams of which have already caught the public eye.

To understand any rural problem in the South, one must have a knowledge of the relation the cotton crop bears to the people. No person in that whole section of the country can seriously affirm that he is not affected by it. It is the South's great money crop. It brings to the people from three-quarters of a billion to over a billion dollars every year. It rules the South; it is the chief topic of conversation. But in the South you find a great economic paradox. No other country can grow the kind of cotton the Southern States grow; there is always a market for it; it will spin on any of the spindles of the world, though not every cotton will spin through the machinery that handles the American crop: accordingly, the Southern people have a monopoly—one which could be a source of wealth to all the people. Yet never has the section which grows the crop taken a hand in dictating its price. The very means that could make the Southern people economically invincible is now the cause of their bondage and poverty. Cotton has become a veritable Old Man of the Sea, riding the necks of everyone directly connected with its production, and kicking the shins of all indirectly concerned.

These are the facts:

The South began raising cotton when the Colonies were infants. Until the Civil War, production was based upon the cost of slave labor and cheap land. The industry flourished, and slave owners became mighty. Cotton mills in Europe came to depend upon American cotton. When the Civil War cut down the production of the commodity, the Lancashire mills were forced to close down, and cotton reached the fabulous sum of one dollar per pound. In the meantime, the English mills began experimenting in various portions of the world in an attempt to raise a cotton that would equal the American lint. They have never ceased in this effort. They have spent vast sums of money; they have employed Southern cotton planters to superintend the work; they hae used the Southern cotton seed: but all efforts have been without avail, and

the spinner knows that there is just one place from which his cotton can come—the cotton-growing region of the United States.

For about fifteen years after the Civil War, the freedmen continued to furnish the labor for the bulk of cotton. But white men of the South had to go to work, and many went to work in the fields. What did they plant? Cotton. Why? Because the Southern peole were bankrupt, and cotton was bringing good prices. Besides, it was and is today the only crop one can raise upon which a mortgage can be given before it is planted. Many a man followed the custom of Major Talcott, who, that delightful old gentleman, "Colonel Carter of Carterville," tells us, was going to mortgage his crop, "not the crop he planted, but the crop he expected to plant."

So the idea of cotton as "a poor man's crop" grew in strength until it became a fetish in the minds of landlords, credit merchants, and bankers throughout the section. As for the tenant, he has had no choice. He must plant what his landlord thinks best for him to plant.

All cotton-growers know that to raise cotton not only entails the labor of twelve months in the year, but also the "bucking of the other fellow's game." Cotton prices are controlled by interests other than the growers, and it profits a grower very little if the whole South produces a large cotton crop. As a matter of fact, the tenant gets just about the same in either case—a meager living. But the people of the South are in the peculiar position of being penalized by the growing of a large crop. This very year, when the crop of 1911 (all of which has not yet gone from the producers' hands) will run about three million bales more than the crop of 1910, the people will realize about $200,000,000 less than for the smaller crop.

Now, contrary to what might be expected, a low price for cotton does not act to reduce the acreage. Far from it. The producer is placed in a bad fix by not making enough to get himself out of debt; hence the necessity for getting further advances from his credit merchant or his banker. No other crop will serve as a reason for advancing credit. Therefore, the grower cuts down his corn acreage and puts a little more in cotton. It is the same old story; he is bucking a system and the system wins.

"If Southern farmers would diversify they would soon be independent," shouts the half-informed critic of agriculture. That is true, in a measure. But the farmer cannot diversify until he gets some money ahead. Present methods of marketing the cotton crop, unless changed, will, therefore, keep the tenants in the slavery of one-crop farming.

Even of the tenant farmer obtained fifteen cents for his cotton, the total savings of the average family, after allowing farm wages to be taken out of the crop, would not exceed $150 or $200 per year. And this would include a sacrifice of the children on the altar of hard work. Is it remarkable that even the tenant farmer is looking for a scapegoat? It is already in sight.

The sequel to this important story will be told by Mr. Holman in the June issue of the Twentieth Century Magazine under the title "The Class-Conscious Tenant."

Some Reminiscences of the Firing Line

"Chickamauga"

THE following lines were suggested by the relation of Robt. Vannerson of his experience in the battle of Chickamauga, in which he fought in the ranks for two days, and during that time passed and repassed Bloody Pond several times. He is an old Confederate soldier sixty-nine years of age, whole and hearty, a gentleman and scholar, and as rank an old "Rebel" as he was during the war. He served through the whole time and was in some of the bloodiest battles that was fought, and now lives on his farm at Calvert City, Ky., surrounded by his family and friends, and is never happier than when telling of his experiences during the struggle for the "lost cause," which he still believes should have succeeded. Through the grounds on which the battle was fought, runs a small stream named by the Indians *Chickamauga*, and in their language means the "River of Death," after which the battle was named. North of this stream, about a mile, is a small lake of about an acre in area. Around this body of water the battle surged for two or three days, and so fierce and deadly was the struggle that the dead were not buried, nor the wounded removed until the battle was over.

Soldiers dead, dying, and wounded, were found lying thick around the pond at the edge of the water, where they had crawled during the battle, to drink and wash their wounds. The water was red with human blood, and from that fact, took the name; and is now known as "Bloody Pond." The soldiers were buried on the battle-field, which was one of the bloodiest fought during the war. Monuments now show where the soldiers are buried.

Chickamauga

Chickamauga, Chickamauga, river of death,
Where the conflict of battle, so fiercely raged,
That the ranks of the Southerners were literally swept
Like the leaves of the forest to their heroes' graves.

Chickamauga, Chickamauga, grim and silent,
Where soldiers to thy banks crawled, bleeding and torn,
To quench their dying thirst, with weary heads bent,
Never again to rise, but to die with a moan.

Chickamauga, Chickamauga, so calm and still,
With those Sons of the Southland buried on thy banks,
Where their monuments point heavenward and ever will,
For they are marching in heaven in glorified ranks.

Chickamauga, Chickamauga, quiet in the gloaming,
Forever on thy banks will those heroes still sleep.
With the twinkling stars and the moon brightly shining,
Forever and aye will thy scared guard keep.

Chickamauga, Chickamauga, sleep on in thy glory,
Keep watch on thy banks over those heroes in gray,
And you'll be remembered in song and in story,
Reverently indeed, when the South kneels to pray.

Chickamauga, Chickamauga, sleep on in thy silence,
Those heroes have passed on to their glorious reward,
Never again to do battle in anger and violence,
But to sit in their glory at the right hand of God.

'Tis a trust that is sacred to the South's "lost cause,"
'Tis a trust that to keep only adds to thy fame,
'Tis a record when read will cause nations to pause,
A record that will forever enhallow thy name.

J. C. NOBLE, Culvert City, Ky.

Our Georgia Generals

(A fifteen minute paper read on "Georgia Day" in the Robert E. Lee Chapter of United Daughters of the Confederacy, Los Angeles, California)

'Tis said "Virginia is the mother of Presidents," then truly the granite-ribbed Empire State of the South is the mother of soldiers, who in the hour of her peril came forward to the number of almost one hundred thousand, to defend her honor at the cost of privations, wounds and life. They were volunteers, not hired recruits from slums of cities, and they represented every walk of life; from the stately plantation home, the luxurious city mansion, the shops, offices, colleges; from the plow handles, and I had almost said from the cradle, did these Georgia boys arise in their might and power to rally round our beautiful Stars and Bars. Never in the history of the world has an army been mobilized of such material as composed our Confederate hosts, who wore the Gray and bravely fought for the cause their hearts maintained as right, and no armies were led to battle by greater Generals!

This period in Georgia's history, while sad, is the most luminous epoch of her existence. Her sons were indeed her jewels. The regiments from the mountain regions composd her crown. From the eastern and western borders of her State line she gathered the boys who formed a brilliant sun-burst for her bosom. From her central counties to the gentle magnolia scented Savannah, they assembled, making for her an exquisite rosary of gems, each vieing with the other to do her honor; and with what success were their efforts crowned? 'Tis said "the victor writes the history of a struggle." This alas is true, where the resistance of a people to a superior force failed of success, but *the South was never conquered!*

Had there never been a history written, or a monument erected, Our Boys in Gray made a history which can no more be effaced than the bright stars can be swept from their orbits into the sea; for their history is written in letters of blood on every loyal Southern heart.

Were Georgia to call the muster roll of her brave Generals today, there would be so far as we know, none to answer "Here;" Major General Clement A. Evans, who fought with General Stonewall Jackson on the bloody fields of old Virginia, and who spent the evening of his good and useful life in his beautiful home on Capitol Avenue, Atlanta, Georgia, has but recently answered the long roll-call from the other side.

Howell Cobb, the brilliant statesman in whom she had so many hopes of future greatness, passed from earth soon after the surrender.

T. R. R. Cobb, the polished gentleman and profound scholar, founder of the celebrated Lucy Cobb Institute in Athens, Georgia, gave up his life at fateful Fredericksburg.

Robert Toombs, erratic perhaps, but loyal and true, has wrapped his mantle about him, and lain down to pleasant dreams.

Alfred H. Colquitt, once Governor, then United States Senator, and earnest Christian gentleman, passed away in the zenith of his brilliant career.

Phil Cook, of the tender loving heart, died while Secretary of State.

Hill.

P. M. B. Young.

Edmund Willis, young and courageous, all is silent on the battlefield of Cold Harbor, for the field of carnage, like the great sea, is reluctant to give up its dead.

George Doles, no answer, for he is sleeping beside his wife and daughter, in the beautiful cemetery at Milledgeville, Georgia.

Gordon, of the warm, sunny heart, and silver tongue; alas! all is silent today, and Georgia with a love which will live forever, retreats into the sanctuary sacred to motherhood, where at memories shrine she may dwell with lingering tenderness upon each cherished name.

John Brown Gordon was born in Upson County, Georgia, July 6th, 1832. He was of Scotch decent. Several of his ancestors participated in the war of the Revolution. His father was Zachariah Gordon. John was educated at the State University of Georgia, where he was graduated at the head of his class in 1852.

He was married to Fanny, a daughter of Hugh Haralson. When the Civil War began he was engaged with his father in mining among the verdure-clad hills of North Georgia and Tennessee, but enlisted at once, and served heroically to the close of that memorable struggle, becoming in succession—Captain, Major, Lieut-Colonel, Brigadier-General, Major-General, and Lieut-General in command of one wing of the army of Northern Virginia. He was one of the illustrious Generals of the Confederate armies, and won international fame as a soldier. An English correspondent to the London Times declared him, "the rising genius of the South." He was second only to the great Lee. Five times was he desperately wounded. His devoted wife who accompanied him during the entire war, and whose narrow escapes would equal any romance; by her care and faithful nursing, saved his life when pierced by five bullets at Sharpsburg.

He led the last charge at fateful Appomatox, taking the Federal breastworks and capturing artillery during the closing scene of the great drama. After the surrender he gathered his wing of the army and made the greatest speech of his life to his broken-hearted men, exhorting them to bear the trial bravely, go home in peace, obey the laws of their country, rebuild their ruined homes and work for the success and harmony of the republic. Upon his return from the conflict General Gordon settled in Atlanta, Georgia. To detail step by step his magnificent career would seem superfluous. History records his phenominal success as a statesman. Three times he served his State in the halls of the United States Senate, and they were brilliant years in his life. He was also Governor of Georgia, and his administration was faultless. His efforts for good were not confined to his own State; he aided Lamar in saving Mississippi from political misrule and was empowered by General Hampton to look after South Carolina's interests. He, it was who secured the removal of troops from the down-trodden com-

monwealth. For this he received the historic dispatch; "South Carolina thanks you," these words so pregnant with meaning were afterward engraved upon an exquisite silver urn, and presented to his little daughter by the Carolinians. His life-sized portrait graces the walls of Carolinas' Capitol. Besides these generous expressions of gratitude, the ladies of South Carolina presented to General Gordon a superb silver service, each piece mounted with a gold palmetto tree. There was something wonderfully attractive and magnetic about the personality of General Gordon; to know him was to love and admire him. For many years he was comander-in-chief of the Confederate Veterans Association, and his famous lecture; "The Last Days of the Confederacy," was delivered in all sections of the United States, winning for the eloquent and brilliant orator new laurels everywhere. In the lecture he gave the story of the war a new color, and corrected many false impressions that had served to keep at variance the people of the two sections for a whole generation.

There had been a Gordon in every war in this country for more than one hundred years, and when the Spanish-American war was pending in the high councils of our National Cabinet, President McKinley wanted to give a commission to General Gordon. He said that he had a Lee, and a Grant, and he also wanted a Gordon, but the General felt that at his age it would be unwise to accept, but he sent two sons to the front who did splendid service shoulder to shoulder with sons of their father's erstwhile foes. Our knightly Gordon died at his plantation home, Jan. 9th, 1904. At his funeral in Atlanta, along with the thousands of Confederate Veterans who followed him to the grave, there was a regiment of United States regulars. There were memorial exercises in the State Capitol, where eulogies were pronounced by Governors, Generals and Statesmen of the South. As long as time shall last, at mention of the name of Gordon, the hearts of Georgians will ever throb in loving unison in memory of one so much beloved. Too soon will the last of that brave and peerless throng pass over the river and "rest in the shade of the trees."

"Tell it as you may, it never can be told,
Sing it as you will, it never can be sung,
The story of the glory of the men who wore the Gray."

Mrs. Ida Ritch Swarts.
922 So. Hill St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Another Account of the Battle of Fort Harrison

In the April, 1912, issue of your magazine, there is an article by Comrade J. M. Hudson, on the fight at Chaffin's farm where Fort Harrison was situated and captured by the Federal troops. Our comrade has made a number of mistakes, and as articles that have appeared from time to time relative to this fight have contained a number of errors, I now give what I think is a correct statement of that fight. I was in it from commencement to finish, being at the time Captain of Company D, 17th Regiment of Georgia Volunteers, Benning's Brigade, and having on the day of the fight three companies of the 17th Georgia with me.

On the 28th of September, 1864, the Confederate troops on the north side of the James river protecting Richmond, consisted of the following: Gen. Gray's Cavalry, about 300 strong, Hood's old Texas Brigade, Benning's Georgia Brigade, the remnant of Johnson's old Tennessee Brigade, and a small batallion of raw Virginia militia, known as the Richmond battalion. Law's Alabama Brigade was at Petersburg, under

Gen. Fields with Anderson's Georgia Brigade and Bratton's South Carolina. Gen. Fields commanded Hood's old division consisting of Anderson's, Benning's, Bratton's, Cregg's (the Texas Brigade) and Law's Brigades. No fight was expected, nor was there the slightest intimation of one, for on the 28th we were engaged in constructing a line of breastworks in advance of our other exterior line on which was situated Fort Harrison. On that day a boat load of penitentiary convicts and negroes from Richmond was sent down the James to Chaffin's landing to work on his advance line. The 17th Georgia was deailed to meet the boat and take charge of the negroes and convicts and take them to the front to work, but only seven companies went as the other three did not get in from the front where they were working until after night on the 28th. Major J. B. Moore, who was commanding the 17th Georgia, did, with the seven companies with him, take charge of the negroes and convicts and was proceeding to escort them to work when the fight begun. Between the Appomattox and James rivers, Gen. Grant had a large force under Gen. Butler. On the night of the 28th, about nine o'clock, the 18th Corps under Gen. Ord, and the 10th corps under Gen. Birney, were quietly drawn from the trenches and at twelve o'clock reached the point on the James river opposite Aiken, where pontoons had been thrown across the river between nine and twelve o'clock on the night of the 28th, and by daylight all had crossed over. Gen. Ord in his official report says that the intention was to take the Confederates by surprise, run over their small force and rush into Richmond before Gen. Lee could send re-enforcements from Petersburg, and to successfully carry out their plan, no written orders were issued and no verbal orders were given until after dark on the 28th. He says "this precaution was deemed necessary to prevent the spies, which abounded in our regiments, from deserting and giving information of our movement to the enemy." Our scouts did not report any anticipated advance, nor were extra cartridges furnished. The attack was a complete surprise. Major Moore had left orders for the three companies I was with to join the other seven companies the night of the 28th, but as the men were tired, I told them to lie down and go to sleep, as there was no pressing necessity to join the other companies that night, and we could get up early next morning and do so. We therefore spent the night in our old camps in the woods to the right of the Phillips' house, and on the exterior line of our breastworks. Just about the dawn of day on the 28th of September, picket firing in front began and some of the pickets came in and reported that the Federal troops had been crossing the river all night. When the picket firing began my First Lieutenant, H. M. Emanuel, aroused me and knowing that I had not obeyed orders to join the seven companies of the 17th Georgia on the night of the 28th, I formed the men as quickly as possible and started to rejoin the other companies of the 17th Georgia. Just as we got to Gen. Gregg's headquarters on the line near Fort Harrison, a courier dashed up and reported that the enemy in great force was attacking the Texas Brigade. Gen. Gregg ordered me to go to the support of the Texas Brigade, which we did, getting there just as the brigade had repulsed with great slaughter the attack made on it, just to the left of the Phillips' house. This was the first real fighting done on that day, and it was about sunrise. Soon after this repulse Gen. Gregg sent a courier ordering us to go to Fort Harrison. We started, but when we emerged from the woods into the open field we saw the long lines of Federals advancing on the Fort and on our exterior line. Major Moore

with five companies of the 17th Georgia, two of the companies he had at first, having been sent back with convicts and negroes, which aggregated 73 men, were in the fort, according to a written statement of the fight by Major Moore, now in my possession. The Federals attacked the Fort in four columns, but were halted and checked for a time by Moore's 73 Georgians, aided by the artillery in the fort. The Tennesseeans were between Fort Harrison and the James river, half or three quarters of a mile distant to the right. The city batalion was to the left of the Fort, then Benning's Brigade, then the Texas Brigade, then Cary's Cavalry. The troops in our line to the left of Fort Harrison were ordered by Gen. Gregg, who was in immediate comand of our forces, to re-enforce Major Moore in the Fort, but before we got nearer the Fort than three or four hundred yards the enemy in overwhelming numbers had assaulted and captured it after sustaining heavy losses. It was Ord's Corps led by Stannard's division, Burnham's Brigade in front, that atacked Fort Harrison. Gen. Burnham was killed and two of his successors wounded. Ord, in reconnoitering after the capture of Fort Harrison, was wounded in the leg and retired from the field, and about the time he did, Gen. Grant came on the field. Butler, if on that side of the river, was nowhere about Fort Harrison, or the attack on Fort Gilmer. The Federals confronted us with several lines of battle, which extended far beyond our right and left flanks. After the capture of Fort Harrison we were ordered to fall back into our intermediate line on which was situated Fort Gilmer and a fort we called Fort Shepherd. The first attack made on us in our new position on the intermediate line, was on our right, in rear of Fort Harrison, and extending to Fort Shepherd, and to the left of it in the direction of Fort Gilmer. Although the assaults on our lines were made with greatly superior numbers, we not having men enough to form more than a skirmish line in the trenches, they were all repulsed with heavy losses to the enemy. Failing to capture our works to the right of Fort Gilmer, the enemy massed their forces in front of this fort and attempted its capture. The force attacking Fort Gilmer was Heckman's division, and our little force in and around the Fort not exceeding 200 men whipped them back. In the fort, besides a few artillerymen, was a portion of the 15th Georgia. I was immediately on the left of the fort, fighting with a rifle, away from my own company, from which I had been separated, for when we fell back from the exterior line, I was ordered to go down the left of our line and see if there were any of our men left and have them to move to the right in rear of Fort Harrison, and on my return, one of the 15th Georgia who was fatally wounded, begged me to assist him so that he would not fall in to the hands of the enemy, but wished to get to Capt. Forbes, Quartermaster of the 15th, who would see that his body was sent home, as he realized his wound was fatal. In going to his assistance and bringing him off the field I was cut off from my own men, the enemy getting between me and them, and I came into our intermediate breastworks near Fort Gilmer. The enemy had three lines of battle in front of Fort Gilmer. The advance line was negroes, commanded by white officers. The white lines did not advance as far as the negro line, for it advanced until the negroes got in the ditch that surrounded the fort. They attempted to scale the embankment Zouave fashion, and as their heads appeared above the embankment around the fort they were shot in the head and not one got in the fort. While the negro troops were in the ditches the Federal lines in our front

were preparing to attack. The situation was critical, when one of the artillerymen cut the fuse of a bomb shell, lighted it and dropped it in the ditch among the negroes who cried out, "The d—n Rebels fling handgun. Throw 'em out and let's go in and massacre them." They gathered around the shell when it exploded, and as our men expressed it, nigger meat took a rise. As soon as the bomb exploded the negroes threw their guns out of the ditch and white handkerchiefs were raised as a token of surrender, and they were ordered to come through the tunnel to the right of the fort, which they did, and were sent to the rear. After the negroes surrendered, other assaults were made on the fort, which were readily repulsed. From time to time, along different parts of our line, unsuccessful assaults were made. Our small force would rally to the point attacked and kept the enemy whipped back until in the afternoon, when re-enforcements arrived from Petersburg. Gen. Fields was the first to arrive with Law's and Anderson's Brigades. Bratton's Brigade did not arrive until in the night. Other troops and General Lee himself followed Felds. When Fields arrived the fighting was about over with. The heavy fighting around Fort Gilmer occurring before 11 o'clock A. M., and Fields did not arrive until late in the afternoon.

Considering the numbers engaged, this was a most remarkable fight. I do not think we had as many as 1,200 infantry engaged. Gen. Ord in his official report says that he had 4,000 men of the 18th Corps, and Birney 10,000, making an aggregate of 14,000 Federal troops that we had to fight, and which we held back all day. The Federal infantry's losses as officially reported, including the fight on the 30th of September in the effort to recapture Fort Harrison, was 3,291. As the Federals were behind breastworks on the 30th, their loss was comparatively small. Gen. Gregg in his official report, says Benning's Brigade captured 433 prisoners, the Texas Brigade 43, and Johnson's 9, making in all 585.

Our little force saved Richmond, and killed, wounded and captured more than twice as many as we had.

Comrade Hudson is mistaken in saying that the enemy failing to take the fort by direct assault in front, concentrated a heavy force to the right of the fort and drove our forces back, and before the garrison was aware of the fact the enemy was entering the fort from the rear and demanding the surrender of the garrison. The assault was made from the front, for I saw it, and at the time was making a desperate effort to get in the fort with the three companies, and never halted until I saw the Federal flags on the walls around the fort. Major Moore, who was in the fort says: "I immediately sent the prisoners to the rear in charge of two of my companies, and with the remaining five companies, numbering about seventy-three muskets, hurried into the fort and at once opened fire on the enemy, who was about 400 yards distant and steadily advancing in four columns of about 600 men each, thus arraying the unequal number of about 2,400 men, against my companies of only seventy-three men. Our firing being so effective soon threw them in some confusion, and brought them to a halt. By this time the militia and artillerists in the fort had exhausted their ammunition and retired rather precipitately to safer quarters. The enemy took advantage of a slight depression in the ground some three hundred yards in our front, to reform their lines, at the same time keeping up a brisk skirmish fire from the skirmishers, some sixty yards or more in their front, who were concealed behind weeds and bushes. Our ammunition had by this time run very low and consequently our firing had almost

ceased. This was, however, only the calm preceding the gathering storm about to burst upon us. I had, in the meantime, by Gen. Gregg's aid de camps and couriers, reported to him my situation and requested reinforcements.

"General Gregg, realizing the importance of the situation, at once started with the remainder of the brigade to my assisance, and when within some 500 or 600 yards they were espied by the enemy, who raised and came with a rush for our works. My little command had made every preparation to give him a warm reception, having loaded our small arms and double shotted with grape the thirty-two pounder, and when their four double columns had come within about 200 yards I gave the command to fire. This shot was exceedingly destructive, tearing a lane of some thirty feet or more through the entire four columns. Owing to the unfortunate circumstance of our being short of ammunition, we were unable to do much execution with our rifles. It took but a few moments for them to clear the intervening space and reach the ditch, some five feet deep, in front of our works into which they piled pell mell. They immediately began to scale the embankment and pour over the works into the fort. Seeing the hopelessness of further efforts to save the fort, although our brigade was only some 300 yards from us and coming in a full run to our assistance, I gave orders to get out in the best manner possible and reform on the next line of works, about one mile in our rear."

"Corporal Dick," mentioned by our comrade, was a negro who did not have a hair on him and whose color was peculiar, being more like a yellow Danvers onion than anything else that I can liken it to.

Under all the circumstances I do not think anything during the war surpassed, or even equalled the defense of Richmond on September 29th, 1864, except Dick Dowling's defense of Sabine Pass on September 8th, 1863.

On September 30th, Gen. Lee with the troops brought from Petersburg, made an uncuccessful attempt to regain Fort Harrison, the Federals having a greatly superior force and the advantage of strong breastworks.

Respectfully,

J. H. Martin.

The Woman's Charm

Stokely S. Fisher

The southwind, following, sighs; of her
The birds sing; where her light feet were
The flowers adoring lie,
And toward her stretch, atremble yet!
There's not a thing that can forget
That she passed by.

Like yearning when earth-life was young,
Working till wing'd the spirit sprung
Updrawn to light above,—
Oh, so toward her I reach! My soul
In radiance of her rounds, grows whole,
Formed to her love!

The Committee's Report in the Baby Show

AFTER months of anxiety on the part of every one connected with The Jeff Baby Show, the committee has rendered a verdict.

The Chairman, the Reverened Thos. H. Timmons, of Thomson, has sent us the following report, after he and his two co-workers had conscientiously viewed the photographs of the children who had been entered:

FIRST PRIZE—MISS MARIE ELOISE LAZENBY, Augusta, Ga.

"The undersigned Committee to adjudge the photographs of children, begs leave to report the following names as entitled to the respective prizes.

"The two young ladies chosen for the prizes were: Miss Marie Elouise Lazenby, of Augusta, Georgia, first prize.

"Miss Ruby Janet Johnson, Selma, Alabama, second prize.

"The young gentlemen were: William Homer Leggett, Laurel, Mississippi, first prize.

"Joe Blackburn Emerson, Jr., second prize.

"The twins, Alexandria and James Osborn, Titusville, Fla., captured the prize in the twins class.

"It has been no easy task to decide among so many beautiful pictures, but every photograph has been carefully examined several times, and every

SECOND PRIZE—MISS RUBY JANET JOHNSON, Selma, Ala.

effort has been made to arrive at a just conclusion.

"Our task has really been that of judging photographs instead of children, and it may be that the photographs have made some appear better, and others worse than the children themselves were. As an evidence of our care, one of the poorest photographs was adjudged a prize.

"We have no doubt that if we had the real children before us our opinions might be different, and we know

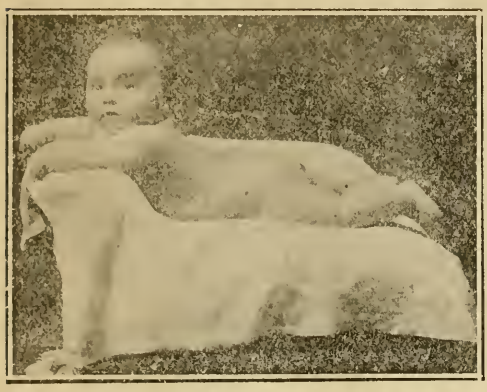
that all of them are worthy of a high place among the prettiest.

THOS. H. TIMMONS,
O. S. LEE,
W. H. YOUNG,
Committee."

The prizes: The girl's first prize is a sewing machine; the second, a gold locket and chain.

A gold watch will be given the first prize boy-baby, and a phonograph is the second prize.

The twins were in a class that had not been provided for in the original



FIRST PRIZE—WILLIAM HOMER LEGGETT, Laurel, Miss.

plans, so a silver knife, fork, spoon and cup were arranged for the twins.

The prizes will be shipped immediately to the winners.

There have been some disappointments, due largely to the carelessness of those who sent in the photographs.

Some were such poor photographs, it was impossible to have plates made from them. Others were sent with the inscriptions almost illegible, and mistakes in names occurred in this way.

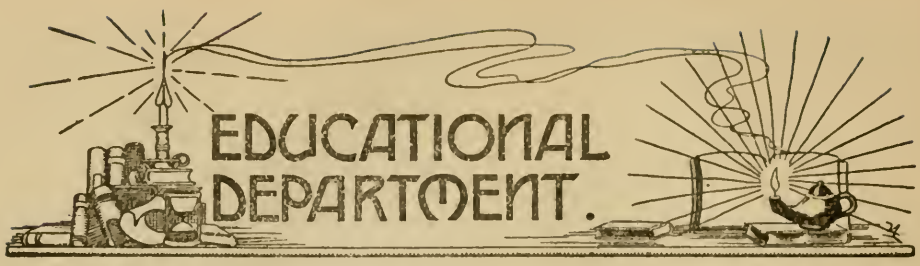
Few of the photographs can be returned, as the handling and "touching up" necessary to make the plates, has spoiled the picture.

If parents desire to, they may buy these plates at the actual cost, one dol-

SECOND PRIZE—JOE BLACKBURN EMERSON, JR., Mena, Ark.

lar and a quarter. From them, any number of pictures may be made, or the plate itself may be framed and will be an everlasting, indestructable picture of the baby.

TWINS—ALEXANDRIA AND JAMES OSBORN, Titusville, Fla.



SOME GOVERNMENTAL QUESTIONS.

1. What good is there in a written Constitution for a State or Nation? Do not the rich violate it when it suits their convenience?

2. What is Taxation without Representation, and how can we avoid it?

3. Is labor saving machinery a blessing or a curse to Labor, and why? In other words, does not the common laborer have to work as many hours today to make a living as he did in the day of common hand tools?

4. Is not the Trust question the greatest of economic problems of modern times to be solved by Statesmen? How can the government regulate the Trusts when, as is the fact now, the Trusts own more capital and have more power than the Government? If the government reduces the Tariff, the Trusts will reduce wages to correspond; then wherein is the common laborer benefited?

5. Should governments guarantee employment to all who are willing to work, or should unemployment be an individual matter?

Respectfully,
I. V. MAXWELL.
Ball Ground, Ga., March 29, 1912.

Answer:

In spite of charts, sea-going vessels often go to pieces on reefs which are plainly marked on the chart. Because this happens, would it be wise to abandon the use of charts?

In spite of the best medicines and the most competent physicians, many sick people perish. On that account, shall we abolish medicines, and cease to call in the doctor?

Written Constitutions are extremely valuable. They set limits to the power of majorities. They protect the citizen, in his relation to his government.

The rich do not so much violate the constitutions as they trample laws under foot.

It's such men as Cleveland, Roosevelt and Taft, elevated to supreme office, that violate the constitution. Congress does it, too. Ditto the Federal Courts.

(2) If you will remember, the British Parliament undertook to lay taxes on the American Colonies, when the Colonies were not represented in Parliament by any American members.

This was taxation without representation.

(3) In many industries, labor saving machinery has been a curse to the workpeople, and it has lowered their standard of morals and intelligence. In many industries, where the workman is kept employed on one part of a complicated product, he does not use his mind at all. And the crowding—in factories, for instance—is conducive to immodesty, and worse.

(4) The Money-question is the great question.

The Trusts could be automatically dissolved, by reducing the Tariff to the revenue point, thus letting foreign goods compete.

Wages bear no relation to Tariffs. The conditions in the textile industry and the Steel Trust plants prove that.

Employers couldn't pay less than they are now paying, even if we had Free-trade.

The slave must be given enough to keep soul and body together, else he would be of no value.

That's all he gets, under the highest Tariff known to the history of mankind.

T. E. W.

A FEW QUESTIONS FOR MR. WATSON, AND THE ANSWERS.

1. What part did the Catholics, play in the defeat of W. J. Bryan, in 1908?

2. Did every Catholic church in the United States, receive instructions a few days before the election of 1908, to vote for Taft?

3. Would Gov. Harmon be a good man for President of the U. S.?

4. Have you any objections to Champ Clark for President, and if so, please state them?

5. Are you in favor of the recall of judges, and if not, please give your reasons?

6. Will not every Catholic support Taft if nominated in the coming election?

7. Will you please give the number of Catholics in the U. S.?

Answer:

1st. The Roman Catholics voted almost solidly in favor of Taft.

2nd. I do not know.

3rd. Yes.

4th. My objection to Champ Clark is, that he went out of his way to vote for that infamous Sherwood pension prab, which would have added $75,000,000 per year to our governmental expenses.

5th. Yes.

6th. Practically every one of them will do so.

7th. About 7,500,000. They claim twice that many, but they haven't got them.

For instance, if a man on his death-bed is wheedled into professing the absurd Roman faith, they count this dead man in their next census. They also count every baby born in a Catholic family. Of course, many of these infants die, before attaining their majority, and many of them desert the ridiculous superstition in which they were born, as soon as they reach years of discretion. T. E. W.

WHY OUR REPUBLIC IS IN A STATE OF DECLINE.

My Dear Mr. Watson: Is the United States in a state of decline? If so, what are the causes?

Do you think we should allow foreign immigration? If not, why?

Please answer, and oblige.

Yours truly,

Summerville, Ga. THOS. TUCKER.

Answer:

1st. I think our Republic is on the decline. Political power has been concentrated in the Federal government, the wealth of the country has been given by Law to the favored few, and the Federal judiciary stands between plutocracy and the people. We are going the road Rome went.

2nd. I believe that foreign immigration should be greatly restricted, if not entirely forbidden. All the lower nations of earth are using this country as a dumping-ground, and if this thing keeps up, the foreign element will be in the majority in less than fifty years.

The Roman Catholic Hierarchy particularly has systematized the work of pouring the Roman Catholic populations of Southern Europe into the United States. By the help of this foreign population and its natural increase, they hope to control this Government, and to have it ruled by the Pope and his minions. T. E. W.

AN OPEN LETTER TO MR. JOSIAH H. COMBS, "ERGO." "A KENTUCKY MOUNTAINEER."

Dear Sir: I have just read in the May issue of Watson's Magazine, your reply to Mr. J. W. Jones of North Carolina, and your repeated charges that Primitive Baptists preach infant damnation. I am not writing you for fear that brother Jones will not take care of himself in his controversy with you or any one else showing so little information, but because you apply your false charge to the Virginia Ministry. Can you see the reason for the ERGO?

In the first place, since you were writing "Some Phases of Kentucky Highlands," why didn't you stick to your text? You remind me of some Armenian preachers—perhaps you are one. Did you know they are famous for taking a text and then preaching from it?

Some of them usually stay so far from the text that if it had the small pox they would be in no danger. Election, for instant, is applied by them as a universal matter. Predestination is applied to the lost as well as to the saved. In fact they are like some Paul speaks of in his day—ever learning and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth. Now judging from the tone of your letter and your flights in the Latin vocabulary, if you are not a preacher you must be a self-important communicant. Perhaps you are "a kind of a Missionary Baptist." You know Mr. Watson says there are two kinds. One kind he calls crazy—crazy on foreign missions. Are you one of them?

Now Brother Combs, all your effusion and definition of the Free-Will Baptist doctrine does not concern us. We don't take it as a compliment to be associated with this free-will idea. Say, by-the-way, are you a Free-Willer? Don't you believe God had done His part in the matter of salvation and now in order to be saved, the sinner must do his part? Don't you believe it is left with the sinner to choose the right hand road and be saved, or the left hand and be lost? If so, you are a Free-Willer, and your doctrine resolves itself into the idea that if man wills, God will; if man wont, God can't. Now if the Free-Will Baptist in "The Highlands of Kentucky" believe in infant damnation, go after them. They are your kin folks.

I am aware that Primitive Baptist have to bear the charge from you Free-Willers of preaching infant damnation. You ought

to know better. But maybe you can't help it. Isaiah had to contend with some who put darkness for light, and light for darkness; bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter, and who called evil good, and good evil. I expect they were some of your kin folks. You certainly act like them. For instance, if this class of people hear a Primitive Baptist preach the doctrine of election, they usually conclude that if election to salvation is true, election to damnation must also be true. And off they go and publish the reverse of the truth. The same is also true if he discourses about those "whom he did predestinate,". to eternal life. They seem unable to see how God's predestination can save unless it also damns. They are to be pitied for professing to know so much, when really they know so little.

But while this charge is occasionally made against those who preach the doctrine of God our Savior in opposition to the popular free-will doctrines of men, is it true that we have among us ministers who are guilty of the charge? Usually when we run these infant-damnation charges to the originator, it only amounts to hear-say evidence.

But Josiah H. Combs says he can "produce the goods." Now ERGO, do so. Give us first the Primitive Baptist preachers in Virginia preaching infant damnation. We want to get clear of them, if there be any such. ERGO get busy. It would be well for you to have them sign a paper saying they are Primitive Baptist ministers, serving certain churches, and that they believe in and preach infant damnation. This will clear your skirts and preserve your honor. ERGO I ask Mr. Combs, whom I consider a fair minded man and a gentleman, to "produce the Virginia goods." If you fail to do this of course you will gladly admit your mistake and correct your false charges in as public a manner as you have made them. We await your reply.

Perhaps I should stop here, but your questions are so simple and you seem to know so little, that maybe it would not be out of place for both brother Jones and myself to take you in hand. You know some pupils need many instructors and then never learn much except by experience. You must have been drilled in the Sunday School. If so, perhaps this accounts for your lack of Bible knowledge. It is with the Sunday School pupil like it is with the Sunday Christian—the devil has six chances to put in his work to the Lord's one. But to your lesson:

Q. "What historical foundation has this non-progressive, anti-missionary, anti-Sabbath School order of Primitive Baptists?"

A. The Bible is its historical foundation. Did you know the Bible was historical? Your modern mission system and your Sabbath Schools are not found in the Bible. To progress in things not taught in the Bible is to go backward. Do you know how far you have backed off from the Bible? And by-the-way, the Free-Willers in this country practice Sunday Schools—not Sabbath Schools. The Jewish Sabbath is Saturday. Do you have Saturday Schools? Are you an Advent?

Q. "How old is the order?"

A. As to its exact age there is a little question whether it was set up by John the Baptist on the banks of the Jordan, by Christ on the Mount, or by the Apostles on the day of Penticost. But this makes but little difference for the evidence is clear that the primitive church was built by Christ out of material of His own selection and preparation, without the help of your modern mission system, Sunday Schools, E. L.'s, C. E.'s, B. P. Y. U.'s and "the like." The Primitive Baptist order practiced none of these things. They don't do it today. Does your order? If so it must not be very old. But the Primitive church will stand. Christ said the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. Even your effort against it wont amount to much.

Q. "Do you believe in Sunday Schools, prayer meetings, Epworth Leagues, Christian Endeavors, B. Y. P. U.'s, and the like?"

A. Why do you spell every thing with a capital, except prayer meetings? Is this to show that every thing else is the product of uninspired man, except prayer meetings, and ERGO considered the most important? I fear you people are trying to follow the pace set by the Catholics in minimizing every Bible doctrine and practice, and minimizing the doctrines and practice of uninspired men. Now we believe in prayer meeting alright, but these other things, "and the like"—especially "and the like," don't set very well with us. We don't know what kind of a "dope" will be fixed up next.

Q. "Why is it that the number of Primitive Baptists are fast decreasing?"

A. Did not know it. Do not know it now. It does look that way some time. Even Elijah complained that they had digged down God's altars and stoned His prophets, and he thought he was the only one left. But he was mistaken. God showed him that there were seven thousand that had not bowed the knee to the image of Baal. He had reserved them. There is always a remnant according to the election of grace, Ergo, Mr. Combs you will never have the pleasure of preaching their funeral. Many of our people do not like to give statistics. They think it manifests boastfulness. They may be

wrong. But you know God's people in olden time were not to be numbered with the nations. David did wrong in numbering Israel. He was actuated by pride. Do you take pride in your numbers?

Q. "What is the New Testament's view of Missionary activity?"

A. Life first, and then activity. "Ye must be born again." When this has been accomplished by God's Spirit then the fruits of that spirit will be manifest. (Suppose you read your Bible and learn what these fruits are?) Now then when you have eyes to see, ears to hear, and a heart to understand and Jesus says go, do so. Don't send. When He says "teach them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you," do that. Pay attention to what He has taught, and don't go wild over what uninspired men have taught. When He tells you how to go, follow His directions, and don't act like you knew more about the work of the ministry than the Master Himself. The laborer is worthy of his hire, and the shepherd should drink of the milk of his flock, or in other words, the field should support the misionary.

Now if you modern missionary advocates should apply this Bible plan awhile to your foreign missionaries, don't you think there would be a home-coming stampede?

Your last question will be attended to when you prove your charges. If you don't prove them or admit your mistake we will try to furnish you a cap that such a pupil needs.

Now one parting question to you: Since you are such an apostle of activity, why don't you turn loose on your own people? According to authentic reports you Free-Willers fellowship most anything, as well as make false charges. Give them a house-cleaning. When you are through and want to leave home to clean up other people's back yards, suppose you start with Catholicism. Mr. Watson is showing that they have a lot of rubbish. But it takes nerve and a sound mind to raise dust among them. We Primitive Baptists have been helping Mr. Watson do some of this missionary work. Have you? Or have you concluded that it does not require nerve or a sound mind to misrepresent the Primitive Baptist and that Ergo you are the man for the job? If so, you remind me of the soldier who had deserted. He was brought before the Secretary of War, who in turn wanted to put the responsibility of execution on the President. So Lincoln was asked to pass judgment, and his reply was—That if God Almighty had given the man a cowardly heart and a pair of fleet legs he didn't know that he blamed him for running. Ergo he was to be pitied. We hope this will not apply to you Mr. Combs, Ergo we await your reply. We thank you for the use of your Latin word and as you will no doubt need it in the "Kentucky Highlands," we Ergo return it promptly.

Ergo so long, Brother Josiah,

Luray, Va. R. H. PITTMAN.

THE SECREARY OF THE NAVY, AND MR. WATSON, REGARDING THE ROMAN CATHOLIC ALTARS ON U. S. BATTLE-SHIPS.

Hon. George L. Von Meyer,
Secretary of the Navy,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your courteous reply to my letter of inquiry concerning the Roman Catholic altar recently installed on the battle-ship "Utah."

You inform me that Captain Benson, the Roman Catholic commander of the vessel, represents the altar as a trivial affair, which cost $12.00, and which, when not in use, is folded up—umbrella like—though you did not use that expression, and stored away in a canvas bag until again needed.

Captain Benson may have told you a part of the truth, but he did not, by any means, tell you all of it.

If you will examine the front page of "The North West Chronicle," the great Roman Catholic newspaper of our northwestern States, you will find a glowing account of that altar and its equipment. The offices of this Roman paper are in Minneapolis and St. Paul. You can readily obtain a copy through any newsdealer. In this issue of March 16, 1912, third column, near the bottom of the page you will note that the Committee, acting for the battleship Utah, refused to accept anything that was not solid silver, and that some of the vessels and utensils, not being procurable in Boston, Mass., had to be ordered from New York.

You will also notice that the Roman organ, the "North West Chronicle" distinctly mentions that, in the speech of presentation, it was stated the service was intended to "magnify the glory of the Holy Mass."

In your letter you state, upon the information given you by Captain Benson, that the speech of presentation was made by a Jew.

Does it not strike you as most extraordinary that any Jew whomsoever would have taken part in a Christian celebration or function—whether Lutheran, Episcopalean, Baptist, Methodist or Roman Catholic?

I myself would very much like to know

the name of that Jew. It would give me unspeakable pleasure to present a portrait of him to the readers of my Magazine. Would it impose too much upon your willingness to oblige, to request you to procure for me the name and the photograph of that most remarkable Jew?

You informed me that "similar stands are issued to other ships for Divine service, regardless of the Chaplain's faith." May I ask the names of these battle-ships upon which the Methodists have pulpits, also those upon which the Hard Shell Baptists have their desks; those upon which the Missionary Baptists have their pulpits? Are those Protestant pulpits foldable, and are they also put in canvas bags? Did any of them cost more than twelve dollars?

The reason I am so particular in making these inquiries is—I am an hereditary Baptist myself, and it may be I might have the opportunity to visit one of our Baptist battle-ships, and of listening to the Baptist Chaplain go from his firstly to his thirteenthly. Without the knowledge of which of the battleships have Baptist pulpits in them, I might stumble into the Utah, and find myself in full view of that collapsible Roman Catholic altar, just before it goes into its canvas bag.

Let me hope, Mr. Secretary, that you will not suspect for one moment, that I am guilty of any levity in this matter. It is a very serious issue, and my purpose is to stand by it in a very earnest way. These Roman Catholic priests have no right to prostitute our battle-ships with their pagan altars and pagan ceremonies, and you know it as well as I do. The American people have been slow to realize how Roman influence has encroached upon our politics, our press and our Government, but they have at last begun to take notice.

The great meeting of the Guardians of Liberty which Gen. Nelson A. Miles addressed at Tremont Temple, in Boston, Mass., recently, was but the prelude of a dynamic and nation-wide crusade against these abominable, adulterous, un-American, treasonable Roman priests.

Respectfully,
THOMAS E. WATSON.

THE SECOND LETTER FROM THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

Washington, May 7, 1912.

Mr. Thomas E. Watson,
Jeffersonian Publishing Company,
Thomson, Ga.

Sir: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of April 29, 1912, relative to an "altar" provided for the use of the Chaplain of the U. S. S. UTAH while conducting divine service on board that vessel.

The Navy Department must decline to enter into any discussion or criticism of the rites and ceremonies of any recognized church conducted by its representatives in good standing, appointed into the Navy in accordance with law, and holding commissions as Chaplains. The Department, however, furnishes for your information the following:

There are now on the active list of the Navy twenty-three chaplains divided among the various religious denominations as follows:

Five (5) Episcopal.
Six (6) Methodist.
Three (3) Baptist.
Six (6) Catholic.
One (1) Congregational.
One (1) Universalist.
One (1) Disciples of Christ.

Of these, seven (7) are now serving on board ships of the Fleet and the rest are attached to various naval stations or receiving ships.

The Department desires to state emphatically that all of these clergymen, regardless of sect or denomination, are performing their duties as Chaplains in a manner deserving of high praise, and by precept and example elevate the moral and religious tone of the Naval Service.

Very respectfully,
GOBLLEY.

Comment:

The Romanist papers were gloating over the installation of a Romanist altar and solid silver service in the U. S. battleship, Utah.

The altar and service were presented as promotive of "the glory of the Holy mass"—in which the faithful eat Jesus Christ, while the priest drinks Him.

I wrote a letter of inquiry to the Navy Department, and was told that it had no information in the premises. Was promised an investigation.

Later, Secretary Von Meyer wrote me that Captain Benson (Romanist) had reported that this altar was nothing but a small fold-up, twelve-dollar affair, which when not in use was ignominiously consigned to a sack, and put away.

Captain Benson also reported that the speech of presentation was made by a Jew.

O, what a Jew that Jew must be!

I regret that Mr. Secretary Von Meyer did not deem it compatible with the public service to give me the Jew's name and photograph.

He did not even condescend to give me the names of the Baptist battleships—so

that I might know which one to board, if I should ever want to go hear a sermon preached on one of these Baptist war-pots.

Bless goodness! I'd be afraid to attend divine services on any of these man-killers now, for the chances are that I'd stumble in upon a priest making his God out of two cents' worth of rice.

Somehow, I get the impression that Mr. Secretary Von Meyer suspected that in the first part of my 2nd letter, I was laughing at him—for having been so easily gulled by Captain Benson, of the Roman Catholic war-pot, Utah.

His last letter is almost what you might call "curt." T. E. W.

WE DO JOB WORK.

Having no rent to pay, and no city taxes; and having a perfectly equipped plant, we can do job work—ballots, handbills, pamphlets, circulars and books—cheaper and better than any plant in the United States. Try us. Jeffersonian Publishing Company, Thomson, Ga.

THE DONKEY "WHAT DO I GET OUT OF IT?"

GENERAL JOSEPH WHEELER AND THE ARMY OF TENNESSEE. By John Witherspoon DuBose. Neale Publishing Co., New York.

General Wheeler was not a great man, nor was he a great soldier, but Col. DuBose has written a great book around Wheeler's name.

The book is great, because it throws so much light upon Secession, and upon the War that followed. It illumines many an obscure phase of that titanic struggle —in which chains were forged for so many milions of white slaves. It tells us much about political history and about the War, that no other book has revealed. It is a repository of thought and fact that no future historian of the United States can afford to ignore.

The first Union of the American colonies was formed in Philadelphia, May 10, 1775.

They signed articles of Confederation and **Perpetual** Union.

On July 7, 1778, these Thirteen Independent States seceded from their **perpetual** Union, and formed a second "Perpetual Union."

In 1787, certain delegates were chosen and sent to Philadelphia, to **amend** the articles of the Second Perpetual Union.

Those gentlemen went into a room, locked the doors, shut out the public, pledged each other to secrecy, and went to work—to amend the existing constitution?

No: to make a new one, and a very different one.

In this new Constitution, it was provided that when 9 of the States should secede from the second "Perpetual Union," a third should begin its life.

It was contemplated, therefore, that 4 of the States might refuse to secede.

These four would remain a seperate and independent republic!

Or, each of the four would resume its full sovereignty, as a separate independent State.

In fact, North Carolina and Rhode Island remained in that condition for a considerable time after the 3rd Republic was formed.

When the Southern States withdrew from the Union, they were exercising a right which no one had previously questioned.

New England held the first secession convention at Hartford, and was virtually out of the Union during the War of 1812. They were negotiating with England for a separate treaty, and were furnishing supplies to the enemy—refusing to respond to the President's call for troops.

Col. DuBose's estimate of Mr. Lincoln is, I think, too favorable. He was not so good and so great, as he is represented in this book.

Seward was really the brains of the Lincoln administration, and Stanton was its dynamo.

It was Seward who suggested that the preservation of the Union be put forward as the cause of the war.

The military history contained in the volume before us is extremely valuable and intensely interesting. One of the pages which gives a pang to the Southern heart, is that which tells of Beauregard's awful error at Shiloh.

Gen. Albert Sidney Johnson had been killed, but the battle was won. All that was necessary was, a general advance of the Confederate Army.

Instead, Beauregard ordered it WITHDRAWN.

Grant's reinforcements came up during the night, and next day, the Confederates sustained a bloody defeat.

Some years ago, an ex-Confederate officer related to me the folowing story:

Beauregard was in comand of the Confederates near Columbia, South Carolina. He issued orders which meant retreat, leaving the city uncovered.

In great excitement Gen. Wade Hampton rode up to the van or ambulance, in which Gen. Beauregard was riding.

Hampton fiercely asked—"General Beauregard! do you mean to give up Columbia without a fight?"

"Yes," came Beauregard's laconic answer.

Hampton exclaimed—"Then, you are a d—d coward! I now understand why we lost Shiloh."

General Beauregard was not a coward; but his lack of energy at critical moments, cost us dear. T. E. W.

MY ATTAINMENT OF THE POLE. By Doctor Frederick Cook. The Polar Publishing Co., New York.

One of the most consummate of scoundrels was Beuvenuto Cellini, the master-artist in metallic statuary. His book of **Memoirs** is a classic, although it is a revelation of his utter lack of the moral sense.

Strange to say, wicked people interest us. The journalists are keenly aware of this, and that is the true reason why we are refreshed, regaled and reinvigorated, every Sunday, by the Sabbath edition, which carries the latest pictures of such beautiful sluts as Gaby Deslys and Lina Cavalieri.

Yes; we all hike out to church, our nudity covered by our best raiments, and then, after the Doxology and the Benediction, we hasten back home to read, with avidity, the latest news about the lovely and fascinating sluts.

Now, I haven't the faintest doubt that Dr. Frederick Cook is one of the most phenomenal and stupendous frauds that ever breathed the sweet ozone of mundane existence.

If he and Beuvenuto Cellini had met, each would have warmly embraced the other.

Not that the brazen Doctor ever crept up behind anybody, and insinuated a stiletto into his vitals—as the Italian artist boasts of having done: but the Doctor is in the same class with the artist in his magnificent capacity to lie plausibly.

Doctor Cook did not find the North Pole, nor the summit of Mt. McKinley; but he undoubtedly traveled considerably, and he kodaked all sorts of scenes and persons.

Besides, he knows how to tell a story; and even a lie, well told is more interesting than some homilies.

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THE OLD CEVENOL. Translated from the French of Rabaut Saint-Etienne, by Alfred E. Seddons. The Standard Publishing Co., Cincinnati, O.

At one time, the Reformation bade fair to capture France. The reigning House (Valois) was divided on the subject and such nobles as the Prince of Conde, the Duke of Sully and the Marshal Montmorency were Protestants.

Coligny was the chief of the Party, and pitted against him were the Guises, who dominated the feeble King and his shifty mother, Catherine de Medicis.

In the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, Coligny and many of the Huguenot leaders perished. The others were intimidated.

Henry the Great—"the white plume of Navarre"—grew weary of the civil chaos and the shedding of brothers' blood; and he went through the form of submitting to the Pope.

Historians of the slovenly sort tell you that the King was publicly scourged, as Henry II. of England was.

It isn't true. The King of France insisted that he be scourged by proxey, and this was done.

After that, the Protestant strength waned.

Aristocracy breathes Court favor as its breath of life. The Court having become Romanist, Courtiers returned to the same "faith."

To the average Frenchman, his "religion" meant no more than fashionable conformity.

But although Henry the Great became a Romanist in outward appearance, he protected the Protestants in limited freedom of worship, by the edict of Nantes.

To him succeeded Richelieu, who broke the political power of the Huguenots, but did not restrict their limited freedom of worhsip.

Then came Louis XIV. In his youth, he was a monster of lust, wastefulness and phenomenal pride, arrogance, ambition, and selfishness.

In his evening of life, he fell in love with the widow of the paralytic Scarron, a comic poet, of some note.

To the amazement of everybody, the haughty King secretly married this old harridan—known to fame as Madame de Maintenon.

After all, there is not much to be wondered at: men of that type will give anything, to gain possession of the woman who has managed to influence their desire.

Peter the Great did much the same thing in taking the soiled-dove, Catherine to wife.

And Napoleon knew that Josephine was the mistress of Barras. She excited him; and Barras held out the lure of

Comander-in-Chief of the Army of Italy—and the uncouth, hot-blooded, boundlessly ambitious Corsican took the lascivious Creole to wife.

A still more recent case was that of King Alexander and the demi-mondaine, Draga, who were murdered in Bulgaria, a few years ago.

Madame de Maintenon, who had been sufficiently gay in her youth, became extremely austere, as the natural sap of life began to dry up.

What she called her "religion" was a most forbidding specimen. It threw a chill and a gloom over the whole court.

As she and the King had outlived the age of pleasure, they did not want anybody else to have any.

The old hag was under the complete control of her confessor. It was the same with the King.

This confessor never rested until he prevailed upon Madame, and Madame upon the King, to repeal the Edit of Nantes.

What followed resembled a large section of what we imagine hell to be.

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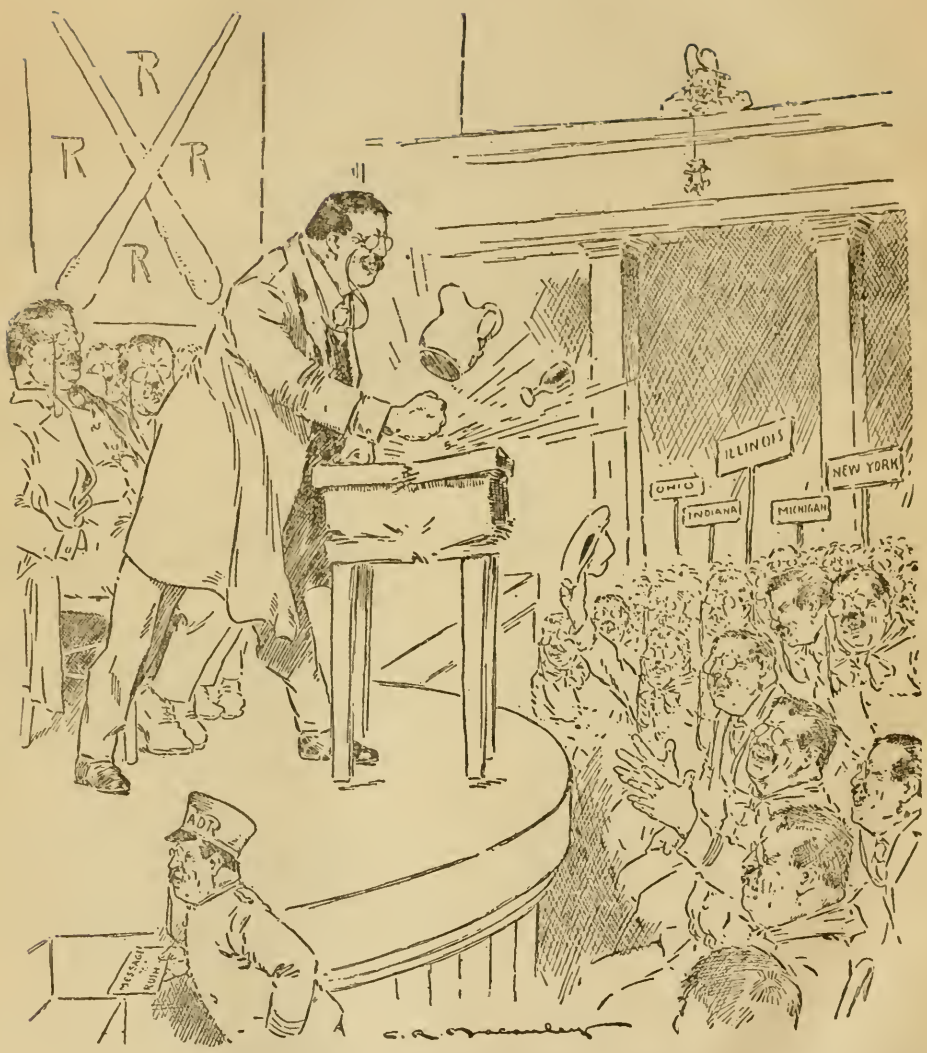

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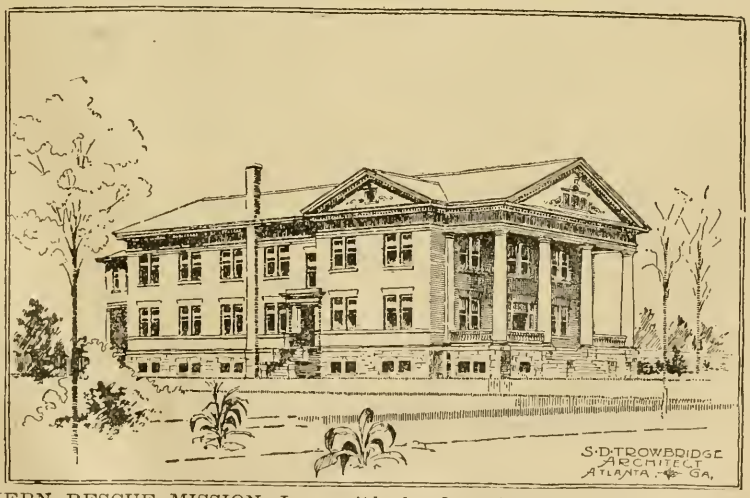

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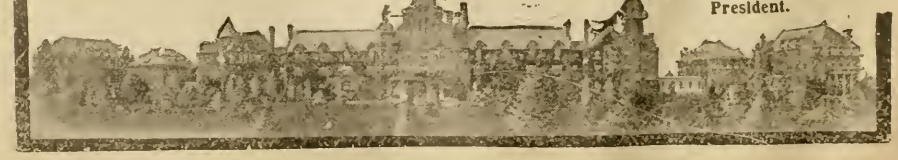

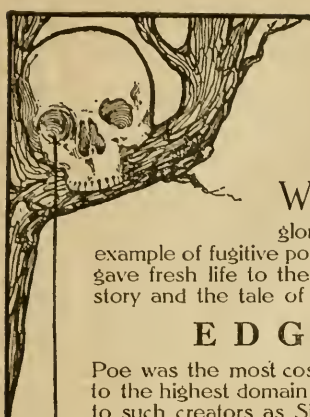

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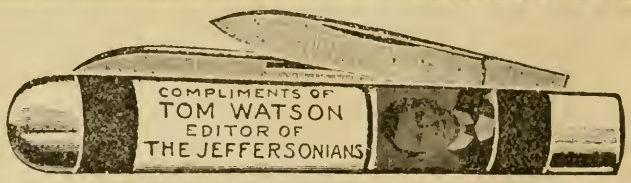

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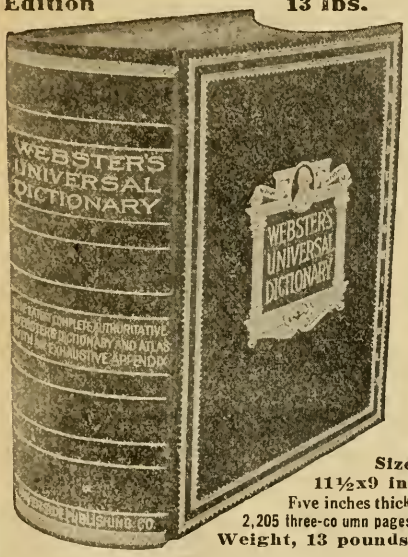

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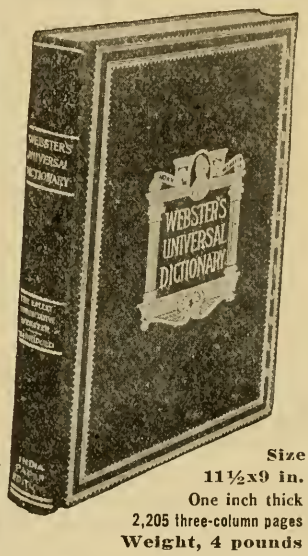

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